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## THE TOWER OF BOTTREAU.

THE church at Boscastle (or Bottreaux) in Cornwall, has no bells, while the neighboring tower of Tintagel contains a fine peal of six. It is said that a peal of bells for Boscastle was once cast at a foundry on the Continent, and that the vessel which was bringing them went down within sight of the church tower. The Cornish folk have a legend on this subject, which has been embodied in the following stanzas by Mr. Hawker:—

Tintagel bells ring o'er the tide,  
The boy leans on his vessel's side;  
He hears that sound, and dreams of home  
Soothe that wild orphan of the foam.  
"Come to thy God in time,"  
Thus saith their pealing chime;  
"Youth, manhood, old age past,  
Come to thy God at last."

But why are Bottreaux's echoes still?  
Her tower stands proudly on the hill;  
Yet the strange cough that home hath found,  
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.  
"Come to thy God in time,"  
Should be her answering chime;  
"Come to thy God at last,"  
Should echo on the blast.

The ship rode down with courses free,  
The daughter of a distant sea;  
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,  
The merry Bottreaux bells on board;  
"Come to thy God in time,"  
Rung out Tintagel chime;  
"Youth, manhood, old age past,  
Come to thy God at last."

The pilot heard his native bells  
Hang on the breeze in fitful spells;  
"Thank God," with reverent brow, he cried,  
"We make the shore with evening's tide."  
"Come to thy God in time,"—  
It was his marriage chime;  
"Youth, manhood, old age past,  
Come to thy God at last."

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,  
But thank at sea the steerman's hand!"  
The captain's voice above the gale—  
"Thank the good ship and ready sail."  
"Come to thy God in time,"  
Sad grew the boding chime;  
"Come to thy God at last,"  
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Up rose the sea, as if it heard  
The mighty Master's signal word.  
What thrills the captain's whitening lip?  
The death-groans of his sinking ship.  
"Come to thy God in time,"  
Swung deep the funeral chime;  
"Grace, mercy, kindness past,  
Come to thy God at last."

Long did the rescued pilot tell,  
When grey hairs o'er his forehead fell,  
While those around would hear and weep,  
That fearful judgment of the deep.  
"Come to thy God in time,"  
He read his native chime;  
"Youth, manhood, old age past,  
Come to thy God at last."

Still, when the storm of Bottreaux's waves  
Is waking in his weedy caves,  
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,  
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide.  
"Come to thy God in time,"  
Thus said the ocean chime;  
"Storm, whirlwind, billow past,  
Come to thy God at last."

## "LET LOVE ABIDE."

In the gardens at Bramshill an ancient wedding ring  
was dug up. The posy engraved upon it is, "Let love abide."

I SEE the house in dreams, and know the  
charm that haunts each silent room  
Where Lely's beauties smile and glow, and  
triumph in immortal bloom;  
And old dead loves and joys of yore come  
back to live their lives once more.

Deep in the ivy on the walls, the peacock  
sinks his purple breast;  
The place is full of wild bird-calls, and pigeons  
coo themselves to rest,  
While tunelessly, through rush and brake, the  
streamlets trickle to the lake.

Across the long grey terrace sweeps the subtle  
scent of orange flowers,  
And through the stately portal creeps a sigh  
from honeysuckle bowers,  
To blend, in chambers dim and vast, with  
fainter sweets of summers past.

Do shadows of the days of old still linger in  
the garden ways?  
Long hidden, deep beneath the mould, they  
found a ring of other days,  
And faith, and hope, and memory cling about  
that simple wedding ring.

It bears a posy quaint and sweet (and well the  
graven letters wear),  
"Let love abide,"—the words are meet for  
those who pray love's endless prayer;  
The old heart-language, sung or sighed, for-  
ever speaks, "Let love abide."

Oh, noble mansion, proud and old, and beau-  
tiful in shade or shine,  
Age after age your walls enfold the treasures  
of an ancient line!  
And yet—let time take all the rest, if love  
abide, for love is best.

Good Words.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

From The Nineteenth Century.

## DAILY LIFE IN A MODERN MONASTERY.

It is the 13th of February, 1884, the hour between half past twelve and one P.M. Two lines of black-robed Benedictine monks are seated at tables on either side of a room about sixty feet long and twenty-four wide, high, with panelled ceiling, and plain-colored walls relieved by two or three large portraits of ancient abbots or priors. A wooden wainscot, perhaps eight feet high, reminding one in its design of the hall of Magdalen College, Oxford, runs all round this room, and on two sides, the east and north, nearly reaches the deep, sloping sills of more than a dozen double-lighted windows filled with heraldic glass, in whose brilliant maze of colors the adept may read the blazoned arms of many a noble family, the founders and benefactors of the establishment. There, over the head of the prior, who sits alone at a small table on a raised dais against the east wall, are the ancient devices and noble insignia of a Norfolk, a Bute, and a Ripon. There are the Highland red deer supporting the baronial shield of Lovat, and next to it the "Lumen in Cælo" of Leo XIII., side by side with the lions rampant of Mastai-Ferretti. Further down, on the north side, you may decipher the unmistakable Scottish arms of Buccleugh, Herries, and Gordon, but they are mixed up with the English Denbighs, Staffords, and Howards, and a host of others which perhaps it would require more than a diligent study of Burke to comprehend.

It is the refectory, and the monks are at dinner. That figure with a white-and-blue check apron over his monastic habit, moving noiselessly about with jugs and dishes in his hands, is the cellarer — not that it is the cellarer's special duty to wait at table, but this week it happens to be his turn: it was the sub-prior's the week before; and if you are curious to know what the fare is which he is placing before each on the clothless tables, it is salmon, caught by the novices the day previously in the magnificent loch at whose head the abbey stands. The monks are not vegetarians, but there is no meat to-day.

The meal proceeds in silence, for no

conversation is ever allowed in the refectory; but in a stone pulpit projecting from the wall on the south side sits one of the brethren reading. He has finished the daily chapter of the sacred Scriptures, and taken up a copy of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is the number for January, 1884, and he proceeds to continue an interesting article commenced a day or two ago. It is headed "Daily Life in a Mediæval Monastery," and seems — so said the librarian, who suggested its being read in public — to be the work of a man who knows more about the subject than the generality of English writers. They have listened with much interest to the very fair account of the arrangement of a monastery, and the general course of its daily routine. There has been some good-humored smiling at the pardonable blunders the author has occasionally made in his estimation of the duties and motives of action of monastic officers, and some nearer approach to laughter at such things as the writer's "*confession*" that "the greatest of all delights to the thirteenth-century monks was eating and drinking," or his equally naïve statement that "there was one element of interest which added great zest to conventual life, in the quarrels that were sure to arise."

But suddenly a row of faces is turned up to the reader, eyes open a little wider than usual, and a curious smile appears on the lips of their owners as the following words fall upon their ears: "If desolation were to come upon our homes, where could we hide the stricken head and broken heart? To that question — a morbid question if you will — I have never found an answer. The answer was possible once, but it was in an age which has passed away." The monks look at each other, but they must not speak. The reader goes on very deliberately; a beautifully poetic outburst follows the last statement, and then comes this: "Let the dead bury their dead. Meanwhile the successors of the thirteenth-century monasteries are rising up around us, each after their kind; Pall Mall swarms with them, hardly less splendid than their progenitors, certainly not less luxurious. Our modern monks look out at the win-

dows of the Carlton and the Athenæum, with no suspicion that they are at all like the monks of old. Nor are they."

"No, indeed!" thinks each one as he looks at the bare deal table before him, and the shaven faces and rough habits at each side; "no wonder they have no such suspicion. But what does it all mean?" To this question no answer can be given just now, for the brethren have scarcely recovered their equilibrium when the article and the meal together seem to have come to an end. The prior gives a signal by a tap upon the table; the reader rises and sings, "Tu autem, Domine, miserere nobis," to which all answer "Deo gratias," and standing before the tables join in the thanksgiving. Presently the precentor intones the psalm "Miserere mei, Deus," and all taking it up in alternate choirs, proceed two and two down the refectory, and through the east and south cloisters to the church. A roguish-looking raven who makes his habitat on the smooth turf-plot that fills up the cloister garth, and who spends his many leisure moments in diving after invisible worms, or hiding stray valuables in the holes, always shows a very lively appreciation of this after-dinner procession. I am afraid there is more of the carnal man about it than anything else, for though at first he stands well out in the centre, so as to command a view of each window that the procession passes, and hangs his head in a most devout and reverent manner, as if in rapt attention, yet when the brethren return he is generally found waiting anxiously at the door, where his particular friend brings him a daily allowance saved from the remains of the meal.

In the church the office of None is said. It lasts something over ten minutes, and then the community find their way to the library, where they may, and *must*, meet together round the fire for a half-hour's pleasant chat and "recreation." Their tongues are loosed now, and Dr. Jessopp will be discussed for a certainty.

"What *does* he mean by saying that the Pall Mall club-houses are the successors of the thirteenth-century monasteries?" asks one, almost before the "Benedicite" is out of the sub-prior's mouth; for even

recreation cannot be commenced without a blessing from the prior.

"Oh! he has been reading the preface to Maitland's 'Dark Ages,'" says one; "I should almost fancy that Maitland's book inspired the whole article; at all events, Dr. Jessopp has a good deal of his tone and style."

"And a good deal of his painstaking love of the subject, too," adds another; "I wonder if he ever saw a modern monastery? Perhaps he has seen them abroad, but thinks there are none in England," suggests the reader, who has just come in, after finishing his own dinner.

"He seems a little at sea as to the real purpose of monastic life, at all events," quietly remarks a third: this is the novice-master, who evidently thinks himself an authority on such a subject; "but an outsider would have little chance of knowing much about that; he would just see the outside and nothing more."

"Who is he?" asks the prior. "Do you happen to know, Brother Martin?"

"No, father. I have some recollection of a gentleman of that name taking a living in Norfolk, near where I used to be curate, but that's all. My rector and he were acquaintances, I think."

The Rev. Dr. Jessopp will kindly pardon the free use made of his name. The above conversation, which is not altogether imaginary, has been given with the twofold purpose of showing the present writer's general feeling with regard to the article in question, and of illustrating a not unimportant portion of the "daily life of a modern monastery."

Without giving further details of this colloquy, it may suffice to add that a suggestion was made to the effect that some one should prevent the undisputed pretension of Pall Mall to the succession of monastic life, by putting forward the claim of the monasteries which still exist either in other countries or our own; and it was thought that the simplest way of doing so would be to describe the actual daily life of one of these monasteries in our own land. The present paper is the result.

To continue. We found the community at dinner, at what might seem to many a rather early hour; but when it is known



that a monk's day begins at half past four A.M., and that breakfast is a very light and hasty matter, taken without formality somewhere between eight and nine, no one will be surprised to hear that English stomachs are ready for their principal meal at half past twelve.

Let us go through a day. At five minutes to five precisely, for punctuality is a great matter, the big bell begins tolling for Matins. This is the modern equivalent of what used to be called the midnight office. In the thirteenth century the hour was two A.M.; now it is five; in some monasteries on the Continent it is four. But in those days they went to bed at sundown or soon after six, whilst we moderns think nine o'clock early. When the tower clock has ceased striking five, all rise, at a signal given by the superior, from the places where they have been kneeling and waiting in the chancel, and the Matin service begins. On ordinary days it lasts an hour and a quarter, and has not much about it of ceremony or ritual that could catch the eye of an on-looker. But on festivals it is an almost gay scene, and must begin earlier on account of its greater protraction. On such occasions a large number are arrayed in alb and cope; the organ accompanies the chant, and sometimes the voices of boys mingle with the heavier tones of the monks. These little choristers are selected from the abbey school, of which more anon.

Prime is chanted at half past seven; the Conventual Mass — that is, the public mass of the day — is sung at nine o'clock, and at this the whole school assists. On festivals this is the great celebration of the day, and is more or less solemn in proportion to the greatness of the feast: a sermon often accompanies it. The next time that the community is called to the church is for the office of None, already mentioned; and after this, at half past four, comes the evening office, or Vespers. This, like the mass, is sung with organ accompaniment, and these two, with Matins, make up the more solemn of the daily services, at which all are more stringently bound to be present. The office of Compline, the closing prayer of the day, re-

cited at half past eight, makes the sixth and last time that the monks assemble in the church. They spend at least three hours and a half every day in this choral duty — on festivals much more; it is one of the principal employments of monastic life.

This order of the day never varies, with the single exception that on Sundays and very great festivals the high mass takes place at ten o'clock, for the convenience of those "outsiders" who frequent the abbey church, and who might think "nine" rather early.

The remainder of the day is filled up in divers ways, in the discharge of the various occupations which each has assigned to him. From the end of Compline till the end of Prime of the following morning is a time of the strictest silence and recollection; not a word must be spoken for anything short of the gravest necessity, and no work or business is done. It is the time for the nightly rest, and for meditation and private prayer. But when Prime is finished the active work of the day begins. Foremost among this is the work of teaching: for the monks of these days still maintain their ancient tradition of education, and the school is an almost integral part of a monastic establishment.

If you walk up to the north end of the east cloister you will find a wooden-framed screen filled with colored or ground glass, blocking your way, and filling the whole space up to the centre of the vaulted roof. If you open the slip latch on this inside, you pass through into the north cloister, and as you close the door behind you, you will see that without the pass-key there is no means of opening it. There is a similar screen and fastened door at the end of the west cloister. The north cloister communicates with the "college," as it is called, a long wing of buildings extending along the whole north side of the quadrangle, and fitted up for the accommodation of the students of the abbey school. The school need not be further described beyond saying that it is here several of the monks spend many hours of the working day in the dispensing of Latin, Greek, mathematics, the modern languages, and those other multitudinous subjects which

nowadays are thought necessary for the formation of the boyish mind between the ages of twelve and twenty.

Walking westwards down the north cloister, you turn into the west cloister, which communicates with the "guest-house," another large block, containing reception-rooms, parlors, and sleeping-rooms for guests and visitors, and also another division of the abbey school. Passing through the "enclosure screen," you enter the south cloister, and find yourself again in the silence of the "monastery" proper; and here, shut in from the world, the monk leads his real family life, in quiet and steady labor. The cloisters are no longer the living and working rooms of a monastic community. For many centuries the "dormitories," as they are still called — and there are three of them, one above another, taking up the whole of the three upper stories over the cloisters — have been divided into "cells," separate rooms of about twelve feet square. Here, amid bare walls and carpetless floors, each monk has his straw bed, table, and armless chair, his kneeling stool for prayer, together with a few little necessities, and here he passes many hours when not called to any public or other duty. Here he studies, or reads, or prays: for a monk must never be idle, and must be ready at any moment to give an account of what he does with his time. Few, indeed, have a chance of idling, for all have tasks assigned, and most have a post of some sort which entails some kind of responsibility. The cellarer, who is the *materfamilias*, must see that the kitchen and refectory are supplied, and clothes and other necessities provided; the *œconomus* must not allow dust or dirt to accumulate, or the building to get out of repair; the procurator has his accounts to keep; the librarian has his books to dust and label and bind, catalogues to make and keep, and strays to look after when they have been too long missing from the shelves; the sacristan has the church in charge and the daily labor of preparing altars and vestments for the priests, to say nothing of the decorations for festivals; the master of ceremonies has all the work of an earl-marshal, in the days when that office was not a sinecure. He has not merely to "get up" the great functions, when the abbot celebrates, or a profession or ordination takes place, but also to keep eye on the every-day routine in church and refectory and cloister, to see that all conform to the external regulations of rule and ritual. Then there is

the precentor, who has the care of the choral music — no slight charge in a monastery; he must not only drill and instruct the choristers and novices, but once or twice a week he meets all the community to practise and correct the singing of the various antiphons and psalms. He, too, is generally organist, or at all events, has an organ in charge, not to mention the other musical instruments destined for school use, on which he has probably to undergo that most horrible of tortures to a musical ear, the giving of music lessons to idle and unmusical boys.

Nor is this all. Besides the extern school there is also a somewhat busy intellectual life going on among the monastic community itself. There are the novices, with unlimited capacity for instruction, and to them the Psalms must be explained and commented on, the rule must be taught and expounded, and the principles and obligations of monastic and religious life thoroughly enlarged upon down to the most minute details. Theology, too, must be taught, and therefore philosophy, and therefore science, for a monk is generally ordained priest, and a priest must be able to hold his own on all such subjects, especially nowadays. Nor are history and archæology forgotten; and probably one or two will be found to represent the genus "bookworm," as well as some who will know how to turn their special tastes to the benefit of others by writing and publishing.

Monastic labor does not end here. For health's sake, and for variety's sake, as well as for the dignity of manual labor itself, and to keep the monk in memory of his vocation to penance and self-denial, the hand must work as well as the head. In the monastery proper no servants are allowed; each monk from first to last must be his own servant, even to the making of his bed, sweeping of his cell, and cleaning of his shoes. Besides this, cloisters must be swept, and staircases and dormitories, and there are many things to be done outside, in the garden and other parts of the enclosure, whether it be weeding walks, or digging, or planting trees and flowers. All this is attended to by the monks, who generally have special portions of such work allotted to them, and certain hours of the day assigned to "manual labor."

So the days slip by, in calm and happy activity — no, not a "fugue," for there is no lagging of one part behind the other, or hurry or clash or wild movement, but a

gentle harmony on a very simple theme, with a solemn accompaniment of tolling bells and processions and hymns of praise, varied with the bright smile and the cheerful laugh and the merry joke of a recreation hour, or the weekly ramble in true family style, father and sons, all together, along the glens or up the hills, or in the sweet greenwood; and beneath all, the deep, firm bass of prayer and self-denial and the uncompromising war against the devil, and the flesh, and the world.

This is monastic life in the nineteenth century, and it is remarkably like what it was in the thirteenth. There are many differences, indeed, but they are the differences of the age, and not the monastic life that exists in it, and if a monk of the thirteenth century could come upon the earth again he would recognize his brethren. A reasonless clinging to mere forms, and a wooden persistence in propping up what is dead and rotten, is something so completely foreign to the spirit of the Benedictine rule, that where such things exist decay must be inevitable. "It is the spirit that vivifies," and while I so anxiously maintain that the spirit of the thirteenth century still lives in the monasteries of the nineteenth, I am equally concerned to state, and to prove, if may be, that that spirit has never come nigh either the Carlton or the Athenæum.

When will people learn that a monastery is not, and never was, intended as a refuge for disappointed men? The "stricken head and the broken heart" may perchance occasionally "hide" itself in the cloister, but it is very doubtful if one in a thousand such persevere in monastic life. The reason is not far to seek. The monastic life is essentially a life of self-sacrifice. Before a man is allowed to take upon himself the yoke of the monastic vows, he must satisfy not only himself, but others also, that he has the power and strength of character necessary to give up, first his own will and fancy and pet notions of whatever kind, and secondly self-indulgence, love of ease and comfort, and in general all such attachments as smack of womanish softness or childish want of self-control. He must be able to endure monotony, silence, and solitude — strong trials to the strongest natures; and finally he must prove by his conduct that he can stand correction, bear to hear the truth told him about himself, and practise childlike obedience to a man who is perhaps half his age, and his inferior in status and education.

Such a trial would certainly prove too

much for one whose only qualification was a broken heart, or a disappointed ambition, or the morbid dread of "a lonely and childless old age." Such men, however much we pity them — and a monk would be the first to pour out his heart to comfort and console them — are not themselves fit candidates for monastic profession. By the very nature of the case, they are weak characters, they lack the hero — and self-sacrifice must be in some degree heroic. In fact, as a matter of practice, what is first looked for in a candidate for the monastic life is a bright and cheerful disposition, with a large fund of inner joy, sufficient to support him during the trying time while habit is growing into second nature; and experience has often proved that the converted scapegrace has more chance of perseverance than the extremely proper but melancholy man, simply because the former has a brighter, and therefore a healthier and stronger character.

Again, a monastery does not exist for the sake of the world outside. Dr. Jesopp has already told us this, and he adds, "It was supposed to be the home of people whose lives were passed in the worship of God, and in taking care of their own souls, and making themselves fit for a better world than this hereafter." If the word "is" were substituted for "was supposed to be" in this quotation, the passage might pass, but the occurrence of this word, and another sentence immediately preceding this — viz., "a monastery *in theory* was a religious house" — makes one think that the writer belongs to a large class which considers a monastery to be "a religious house" in theory *only*. To meet this point it may be necessary to enlarge upon a subject which has been hitherto kept in the background of the description of the daily life in a modern monastery.

A Benedictine at his profession takes three vows, "Stability," "Conversion of Manners" (or Life), and "Obedience according to the Rule." They are so named in the rule of St. Benedict. In accordance with the first, the monk binds himself to remain in the monastery till death. This is so strictly observed that it is considered a most grievous offence, punishable with the gravest penalties, to go out of the monastic enclosure without express leave of the superior. No matter how short the time and distance, a monk may not leave his monastery without first asking permission on his knees, and stating where he wishes to go, and for what purpose. On his return he must again pre-

sent himself upon his knees to announce that he has come back within the appointed time.

The second vow has a much wider scope. By it the monk is bound to aim at what Dr. Jessopp calls "the higher life," and what Catholics call "perfection." This latter word has a very definite meaning. In the first place, it includes what are known as the Gospel counsels — namely, those rules over and above the ten commandments which our Lord gave when he said, "If thou wilt be *perfect*, go sell all that thou hast and come follow me;" and elsewhere, "He that will follow me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me," etc., etc. It includes the obligation of poverty, of chastity, and of obedience; it binds the monk to aim, not merely at the observance of the duties obligatory upon all Christians, but also to seek out the higher grades of virtue, and to practise them. By it he is bound to aim at humility, at patience, at self-denial, at meekness, and those other interior as well as exterior virtues which go to make up the perfect man. Now in a monastery this is not left barely to the individual conscience, but by precept and example, by reproof and correction, by warning and punishment, as well as by encouragement and by help in various ways, the obligation is kept continually before the monk's eyes and forced upon his attention.

The very rules and detailed regulations of the monastery all tend to this same end. One of these regulations is the daily "conference," in which the superior meets his community every evening, and addresses them for half an hour upon some ascetical point, or calls attention to some remissness, or encourages to fresh vigor and fresh fervor in what is already well done. Then there is the weekly chapter of faults, in which the brethren, each in his turn, in presence of all the others assembled, accuses himself of any breaches of the rule he may have committed, and on his knees receives the reprimand and penance given him by the superior, or listens while other failings are pointed out, of which he was perhaps unconscious, and the means necessary for overcoming them. Such things as these must induce a habit of humility, of self-knowledge, of patience and meekness. There are many other practices which conduce to a similar end. If any one comes late to the church, or to the refectory, or to any public assembly of the convent, no matter who he be, abbot or

the last novice, he must kneel in a conspicuous place for a short time as an atonement; and if he has no good excuse for such tardiness, he may be kept kneeling during the whole of the proceedings. The same rule is observed if any one makes a mistake in the singing of any part of the divine office — and this, of course, may happen in presence of a large concourse of people. Similarly, if a monk is reproved by his superior in a serious way, it is his duty to kneel at the superior's feet, and so listen to the correction. We can hardly imagine one of our Pall Mall monks, who talks of "his honor," and of being "insulted," taking a fault-finding in this sort of way; with the monk it is a matter of course.

I pass on to other matters. A monk is not allowed even to possess money, much less to use it for himself; even the necessities he is allowed the use of are limited and prescribed, and he must ask permission for every fresh thing he needs, no matter how slight or trivial. This is to secure his poverty. To keep him from mixing up with the world which he has forsaken and renounced, he is not only bound to the enclosure in which he lives, but every precaution is taken to prevent him from having too much communication with what is outside. Letters never pass under seal, but are opened, and may be retained; correspondence at all is only allowed when it is likely to do good; newspapers are almost excluded. It was not in the ordinary course of things that the *Nineteenth Century* found its way into a monastic refectory: such a book would have been sent by a friend because it contained the article here in question. So, again, visitors are not encouraged, though when received, in accordance with the most venerable tradition of the monastic order, they are treated with all possible kindness and reverence. But monks may only see them at certain times, and in certain places, and they are not admitted beyond the closed doors before spoken of as leading into the private parts of the monastery. The object of all these regulations is to ensure detachment from all that the monk renounces by the vows of his profession; nor should it be supposed that these rules are endured as burdens, or enforced like punishments upon unwilling minds. A novice has a long time to count the cost before he binds himself to their observance, and when he takes the step he does it freely and gladly, and obeys the rule with a cheerfulness inspired not by reason only,

but even by the ease of long-continued custom.

The vow of obedience to the rule speaks of itself: indeed it has in reality been already alluded to. It is sufficient to add that while it binds a monk to perfect obedience in all that is not sinful, its terms give him at the same time a right of appeal in the unlikely eventuality of his being forced beyond his strength and intention.

If a monastic life means all this, and it did so as well in the thirteenth century as it does now, a monastery is something more than a religious house in *theory*. It is so in *fact* also: and, to come to the point, there is something in it over and above the mere banding together to lead a life in common for the sake of the common good. It must be upon some such theory as this alone that any one could see a resemblance between a mediæval monastery and a modern club. Surely, upon such a ground, a co-operative association, or a trades' union, or a conspiracy, or a secret society, might with equal or greater justice be looked upon as a "successor to the thirteenth-century monastery." Why, above all things, that very acme of selfishness, and luxurious egoism, the club-house?

I am probably less acquainted with the interior life of a club than is Dr. Jessopp with that of a monastery; but, putting together all that one has heard, I may not be far wrong in supposing that the very essence of club life consists in freedom from all interference with private convenience. A man prefers his club to his home, on the ground that in the latter he is subject to various little restrictions from which he is free in the former. At home he must lunch or dine at a certain fixed hour, and perhaps off certain things for which he has no great partiality; he must make himself entertaining towards people who call, be interested in those whom he does not know, or does not care to know, or, still worse, of whom he knows too much; he must submit to be annoyed with many little matters, to listen to complaints, to be occasionally found fault with, or now and then to be worsted in a one-sided encounter. At his club, he may do pretty much as he likes, eat and drink when he wills and what he fancies, be sulky or cheerful, talk or be silent, when he pleases, without reproof and without qualm of conscience. Club life in short is an emancipation from domestic rule, and more or less also from the formal etiquette of society in general. Now if there

is anything that is essential to monastic life it is precisely this, that it is a family and domestic life, and subject to an almost endless code of petty rules and regulations. From morning till night there is scarcely a single act left to the monk's own discretion, at all events not to his own inclination. His very hours of rising and retiring to rest are rigidly fixed, his day is minutely parcelled out, and even in the discharge of his duties he is subject to a minute ceremonial which directs whether he is to sit or stand, where he is to walk and how, whether he shall cover his head or not, what he shall do with his hands or his eyes or his feet—a perfect slavery, if it were not a free self-subjection.

But a club has some purpose in its association: it is to formulate and give expression to certain views, tastes, or methods, political, literary, mercantile, or otherwise. Precisely so: its only laudable excuse for existing is that it, presumably, has a work to do for the benefit of the world. And for this reason it is still more unlike a monastery, which exists for the individual good of its members, and only does good to the outside world as if by accident. True it is the monasteries did a great work in the world; it is also true they do a work still. They uphold to men the spectacle of an ideal Christian life carried into practice. They are centres of benevolence, of refinement, even of civilization—for is not all civilization based upon self-restraint? and self-restraint needs teaching in these days, as much as, or sometimes more than, in days gone by. But the *raison d'être* of a monastery is that men may lead a monastic life; and if monasteries continue to spring up, it is because the demand still exists, as it has continued to exist ever since the euphemistically termed Reformation, and as it always must exist as long as the Gospel precepts are preached and believed in.

The Reformation, and its child the Revolution, though they have destroyed many a noble monastic building, have not annihilated the monastic life. The tradition has survived, and still exists. In some countries, notably in the Austrian Empire, many monastic foundations dating back as far as the seventh and sixth centuries still flourish in the full enjoyment of large possessions and all the influence and prestige that attached to similar institutions in our own country. Even in England the connection has never been broken. Since the coming of Saint Au-



gustine in the sixth century, Benedictine monks have never been wanting on English soil, and at the present moment, besides the monastery in which I am now writing, there are at least three others within the four seas which claim lineal descent from, and even identity with, that very corporation to which the thirteenth-century monasteries belonged. The mediæval monasteries of England, therefore, do not need successors. They still exist. Or if they must have successors, such can surely be found elsewhere than in Pall Mall. During the three centuries which have passed since the spoliation of the English monastic houses, numerous religious corporations have sprung into existence, which, without being exactly monastic in their nature, have inherited the principles of monastic life, have taken up much of the work which the monasteries once fulfilled, and, in the altered circumstances of modern life, have taken that hold upon the popular mind which the monasteries once exclusively enjoyed. These may be truly regarded as "the successors of the thirteenth-century monasteries." They may not exist in Pall Mall; but in other busy thoroughfares of London and our large towns, as well as in their slums and back streets, will be found the Oratorian and the Passionist, the Redemptorist and the Jesuit, the Father of Charity and the Marist, the Vincentian and the Christian Brother, along with a host of congregations of women, who, under the name of Sisters of Charity or of Mercy, the Little Sisters of the Poor, or Sisters of Notre-Dame, and fifty others, carry on the work of Christian love, by teaching, reclaiming, feeding, clothing, nursing, and caring for the poor and the little ones of Christ. In almost every town, and even in many a country hamlet will be found these truly worthy successors of the very best days of English monachism, whose self-sacrifice and devotion to the needs and weaknesses of others, not only emulate the deeds of their predecessors, but cry shame upon much of the luxury and heartless self-indulgence which is threatening to eat the heart out of English society. When the Pall Mall clubhouse is the only representative of the monastic ideal in this land, God help England! But we have not yet fallen so low, nor are we likely to do so. The national character is too thorough, too energetic, too masculine. Even outside the Catholic Church there is a movement of return to the old externals of "the higher life." The vagaries of Llanthony, and

some other failures, have been part of the result; but a growing appreciation of the dignity and necessity of self-sacrifice and voluntary self-denial, has also ensued, and much of the old vulgar contempt and uncultured hatred of the name of monk is dying away.

The Rev. Dr. Jessopp finishes in a minor key. The pathetic passage in which he tells us of the "wail of the minor crying for the theme that has vanished," has about it a tone as of the sweeping of his own heartstrings. He may take courage from his own words, for it "will yet reappear." Not indeed as "a mere repetition," for, as he himself says, such is not the way of "the harmony" of God's productions. The "dead" have long ago "buried their dead," and even ceased mourning for them. "Meanwhile the true successors of the thirteenth-century monasteries *are* rising up around us, each after their kind." Downside and Hereford and Ampleforth and Fort Augustus, Buckfast and Erdington, Ramsgate and Mount St. Bernard's, names well known to English Catholics, still carry on the tradition of the Benedictine rule; while in every district of London and its outskirts, in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Newcastle, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, and in fifty other less known localities, are to be found the Carmelite and the Franciscan, the Dominican and the Augustinian, and the long list of foundations of the more modern orders already alluded to—unlike "the conventuals of St. James's" in many other things, but also in this, that they *have* a suspicion that they *are* something "like the monks of old." And so, indeed, they are. They do *not* "lack the old faith, nor the old loyalty, nor even that something else which we can less afford to miss—the old enthusiasm." If any one doubts it, let him "come and see."

ELPHEGE G. CODY, O.S.B.

Fort Augustus, N. B.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,  
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,  
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure!"

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

IN NUTFIELD LANE.

WHEN Reynold Harding assured Miss Wilton that it made very little difference to him whether he got rid of his pupil for



a day or not, he told a lie. From the moment when he heard of Guy's holiday, he had resolved in his own mind that on that day of freedom he would see Barbara Strange.

He knew that she was staying with the Ashfords, and he had heard the Robinson girls talking about her one day after luncheon.

"That pretty little Devonshire girl finds it dull, I think," said Violet.

"Who wouldn't?" her sister exclaimed. "She has had time to hear all old Ashford's stories a dozen times before this, and they are stupid enough the first time. But how do you know she finds it dull?"

"They say she's always running about the fields looking for primroses and cowslips. I saw her when I was out riding this morning, leaning on the gate into Nutfield Lane, with her hands full of them."

"How very picturesque! Looking into the lane for some more?"

"Or for some one to help her to carry what she'd got. I don't know what I mightn't be driven to myself, if I had to listen to old Ashford's prosing, and then go crawling out for a couple of hours boxed up in Mother Ashford's stuffy old brougham, two or three times a week. And Willy Ashford hardly ever comes, now he's engaged to that girl in Kensington."

"No," said Muriel, "and I don't know that he would mend matters much if he did. Well, perhaps somebody with a taste for cowslips and innocence, will happen to walk along Nutfield Lane next time Miss Strange is looking over the gate. What did you think of doing this afternoon?"

They were standing in the window, and speaking low. But their voices were metallic and penetrating, and the tutor, who was watching Guy's progress through a meal which had worn out his sisters' patience, heard every word. He had his back to the light, and the boy did not see the black, full veins on his forehead.

"But I want some more tart," said Guy.

The request was granted with careless liberality.

"Is that enough?" Harding asked.

The boy eyed it. He did not think he could possibly manage any more, but he said, "I don't know," just as a measure of precaution.

"Well, eat that first," said the other, and sat, resting his head on his hand.

He knew Nutfield Lane. It was three

or four miles from the Priory; Guy and he went that way sometimes. He remembered a gate there, with posts set close to a couple of towering elms, that arched it with their budding boughs, and thrust their roots above the trodden pathway. There was a meadow beyond, the prettiest possible background for a pretty little Devonshire girl with her hands full of cowslips. As to her looking out for any one—he would like to walk straight up to those vulgar, chattering, expensive young women, and knock their heads together. It seemed to Harding that there would be something very soothing and satisfying about such an expression of his opinion, if only it were possible. But it could not be, and he relinquished the thought with a sigh, as he had relinquished the pursuit of other unattainable joys.

"N—no, I don't want any more," said Guy regretfully. "Only some more beer."

Harding nodded, with that absent-minded acquiescence which had endeared him to his pupil. Guy was only to him like a buzzing fly, or any other tiresome little presence, to be endured in silence, and as far as possible ignored. But when that afternoon the boy came to him with the announcement that he should be twelve on Tuesday, and his father was going to take him somewhere for the whole day, Reynold raised his head from the exercise he was correcting, and looked at him fixedly.

"That's all right," he said, after a moment.

In that moment he had made up his mind. He wanted to see Barbara. And then? He did not know what then, but he wanted to see her.

The white spring sunshine lighted the page which Guy had scrawled and blotted, and Reynold sat with the pen between his fingers, dreaming. He would see Barbara, but he would not even attempt to think what he would do or say when they met. He had planned and schemed before, and chance had swept all his schemes away. Now he would leave it all to chance; it was enough for him to think that he would certainly see her again.

He would see her, not standing as he had seen her first, in sad autumnal scenery, not coming towards him in the pale, firelit room, not walking beside him to the village, while the wind drove flights of dead leaves across the grey curtain of the sky, not as she faced him, frightened and breathless, in the quivering circle of lamplight on the stairs, not as he remembered her last of all, when she stood beyond the

boundary which he might not cross, and Mitchelhurst Place rose behind her in the light of the moon, white and dead as dry bones. It seemed to him that it must always be autumn at Mitchelhurst, with dim, short days, and gusty nights, and the chilly atmosphere laden with odors of decay. But all this was past and over, and he was going to meet Barbara in the spring. Barbara in April—all happy songs of love, all the young gladness of the year, all tender possibilities were summed up in those three words. He was startled at the sudden eagerness which escaped from his control, and throbbed and bounded within him when he resolved to see her once again. But he did not betray it outwardly, unless, perhaps, by an attempt to write his next correction with a dry pen.

He listened to Guy's excited chatter as the day drew near, and set out with him to carry the invitation to Bob Wilton, in a mood, which, on the surface, was one of apathetic patience. Nothing he could do would hasten the arrival of Tuesday, but nevertheless it was coming. When the two boys went off to the stables together, he waited. He might as well wait in the Wiltons' sunny drawing-room as anywhere else. And when some one entered by the further door and began to play, he listened, not ill pleased. He had no ear for music, but the defect was purely physical, and except for that hindrance he might have loved it. As it was he could not appreciate the meaning of what was played beyond the curtain, nor could he recognize the skill and delicacy with which it was rendered. To him it was only a bright, formless ripple of sound, gliding vaguely by, till suddenly Barbara's tune, rounded and clear and silver sweet, awoke him from his reverie.

For a moment he sat breathless with wonder. Only a dull memory of her music had stayed with him, a kind of tuneless beating of its measure, and the living notes, melodiously full, pursued that poor ghost through his heart and brain. His pulses throbbed as if the girl herself were close at hand. Then he rose, and softly stepped across the room. Who was it who was playing Barbara's tune? Who but the man who had played it to Barbara?

Considered as a piece of reasoning this was weak. Anybody would have told him the name of the composer, and could have assured him that dozens and scores of men might play the thing. Barbara might have heard it on a barrel organ! But

Harding's thoughts went straight to the one man who had left music lying about at Mitchelhurst with his name, "Adrian Scarlett," written on it. Barbara's tune jangled wildly in his ears; she had learnt it from this man, or she had taught it to him.

Thus it happened that Adrian looked up from his playing, and saw the picture in the mirror, the face that followed him with its intent and hostile gaze. And Reynold, standing apart and motionless, watched the musician, and noted his air of careless ease and mastery, the smile which lingered on his lips, and the way in which he threw back his head and let his glances rove, though of course he did not know that all these things were a little accentuated by Adrian's self-consciousness under his scrutiny. He was sure, even before a word had been uttered, that this was the man whose name had haunted him at Mitchelhurst, and who won Mr. Pryor's heart by singing at his penny reading. To Reynold, standing in the shadow, Scarlett was the type of the conquering young hero, swaggering a little in the consciousness of his popularity and his facile triumphs.

To some extent he wronged Adrian, and on one point Adrian wronged him. He believed that Harding had exulted in the idea of putting him on the wrong scent with his "Sandmoor near Ilfracombe." But in point of fact Harding had given the address with real reluctance. He had been asked where the Stranges lived, and had told the truth. To have supplemented it with information as to Barbara's whereabouts would have been to assume a knowledge of Scarlett's meaning in asking the question, a thing intolerable and impossible. Yet Harding's morbid pride was galled by his unwilling deceit, and he wished that the subject had never been mentioned. He had no doubt that his rival would go to Sandmoor, but he did not exult in the thought of the disappointment that awaited him there.

Still when Tuesday came it undoubtedly was a satisfaction to feel that the express was carrying Mr. Scarlett further and further from the gate which led into Nutfield Lane. Otherwise the day was of but doubtful promise, its blue blotted with rain-clouds, which Guy Robinson regarded as a personal injury. It brightened, however, after the birthday party had started, and Reynold set out on his rather vague errand, under skies which shone and threatened in the most orthodox April fashion. The heavens might

have laid a wager that they would show a dozen different faces in the hour, from watery sadness to glittering joy. It was hardly a day on which Mrs. Ashford would care to creep out in her brougham, but a little Devonshire girl, tired of a dull house, might very well face it with an umbrella and her second-best hat.

Harding made sure that she would. If she failed to do so he had no scheme ready. He did not know the Ashfords, and to go up to their house and ask for Miss Strange could lead, at the best, to nothing but a formal interview under the eyes of an old lady who would consider his visit an impertinence. But Barbara would come! It was surely time that his luck should turn. When the hazard of the die has been against us a dozen times we are apt to have an irrational conviction that our chance must come with the next throw, and Harding strolled round the Ashfords' place, questioning only how, and how soon, she would appear. To see her once—it was so little that he asked!—to see her, and to hold her hand for a moment in his own, and to make her look up at him, straight into his eyes. And if she had the fancy still, as he somehow thought she had, to hear him say that he forgave her, why, he would say it. As if he had ever blamed her for the little forgetfulness which had ended all his hopes of fortune! And yet, if Barbara could have known how near that fortune had been! The old man's health had failed suddenly during the winter, the great inheritance was about to fall in, and Reynold would have been a partner and his own master within a few months from his decision. "Well," he said to himself as he leaned on the gate in Nutfield Lane, "and even so, what harm has she done? Was I not going to say no before I saw her? And if she persuaded me to write the yes which turned to no at the bottom of her apron pocket, am I to complain of her for that?"

He thought that he would ask her for a flower, a leaf, or a budding twig from the hedge, just by way of remembrance. At present he had none, except the unopened letter which she had given back to him in his lodgings at Mitchelhurst.

The day grew fairer as it passed. Though a couple of sparkling showers, which filled the sunlit air with the quick flashing of falling drops, drove him once and again for shelter to a haystack in a neighboring meadow, the blue field overhead widened little by little, and shone through the tracery of leafless boughs.

He felt his spirits rising almost in spite of himself. He came back, after the second shower, by the field path to the lane, and was in the act of getting over the gate when he heard steps coming quickly towards him. Not Barbara's, they were from the opposite direction. He sprang hastily down, and found himself face to face with Mr. Adrian Scarlett, who was humming a tune.

Reynold drew a long breath, and stood as if he were turned to stone. Adrian was only mortal, he lifted his hat, and smiled his greeting, with a look in his grey-blue eyes which said as plainly as possible, "*Didn't you think I was at Sandmoor?*" and then walked on towards the Ashfords' house, where he had been to the tennis party two years before. He would be very welcome there. And if he should chance to meet Barbara by the way, he knew very well what he was going to say to her. But a moment later he felt a touch of pity for the luckless fellow who had not outwitted him after all. "Poor devil!" he said, as he had said the day before.

The epithet, which, like many another, is flung about inappropriately enough, hit the mark for once. Reynold stood, pale and dumb, choked with bitter hate, but helpless and hopeless enough for pity. He would do no more with hate than he had done with love. He knew it, and presently he turned and walked drearily away. He did not want to see Barbara when she had met Adrian Scarlett. He had meant to see her *first*, to end his unlucky little love-story with a few gentle words, to hold her hand for a moment, and then to step aside and leave her free to go her way. What harm would there have been? But this man, who was to have everything, had balked him even in this. She would not care for his pardon now, and perhaps it would hardly have been worth taking. If one is compelled to own one's forgiveness superfluous it is difficult to keep it sweet.

So he did not see Barbara when, a little later, she came up Nutfield Lane by Scarlett's side. They stopped by the gate, and leaned on it. Barbara had no flowers in her hands, but it seemed to her that all the country side was blossoming.

She looked a little older than when Adrian had bidden her his mute farewell at Mitchelhurst. The expression of her face was at once quickened and deepened, her horizon was enlarged, though the gaze which questioned it was as innocent as ever. But her dark eyes kept a memory

of the proud patience with which she had waited through the winter. There had been times when her faith in the Clergy List had been shaken, and she had doubted whether Adrian would ever consult its pages, and find out where her father lived. She did not blame him: he was free as air; yet those had been moments of almost unbearable loneliness. She never spoke of him to anybody; to have been joked and pitied by Louisa and Hetty would have been hateful to her. She thought of him continually, and dreamed of him sometimes. But there was only a limited satisfaction in dreaming of Adrian Scarlett; he was apt to be placed in absurdly topsy-turvy circumstances, and to behave unaccountably. Barbara felt, regretfully, that a girl who was parted from such a lover should have dreamed in a loftier manner. She was ashamed of herself, although she knew she could not help it. Now, however, there was no need to trouble herself about dreams or clergy lists; Adrian was leaning on the gate by her side.

"What you must have thought of me!" he was saying. "Never to take the least notice of your uncle's death! I can't think how I missed hearing of it."

"It was in the *Times* and some of the other papers," said Barbara.

The melancholy little announcement had seemed to her a sort of appeal to her absent lover.

"I never saw it. I was — busy just then," he explained with a little hesitation. "I suppose I didn't look at the papers. I have been fancying you at Mitchelhurst all the time, and promising myself that I would go back there, and find you where I found you first."

Barbara did not speak; she leaned back and looked up at him with a smile. Adrian's answering gaze held hers as if it enfolded it.

"I *might* have written," he said, "or inquired — I might have done *something*, at any rate! I can't think how it was I didn't! But I'd got it into my head that I wanted to get those poems of mine out — wanted to go back to you with my volume in my hand, and show you the dedication. I was waiting for that — I never thought —"

"Yes," said the girl with breathless admiration and approval. "And are they finished now?"

"Confound the poems!" cried Adrian with an amazed, remorseful laugh. A stronger word had been on his lips. "Don't talk of them, Barbara! To think

that I neglected you while I was polishing those idiotic rhymes, and that you think it was all right and proper! Oh, my dear, if you tried for a week you couldn't make me feel smaller! If — if anything had happened to you, and I had been left with my trumpery verses —"

"You shall not call them that! Don't talk so!"

"Well, suppose you had got tired of waiting, and had come across some better fellow. There was time enough, and it would have served me right."

"I don't know about serving you right, but there wouldn't have been time for me to get tired of waiting," said Barbara, and added more softly, "not if it had been all my life."

"Listen to that!" Adrian answered, leaning backward, with his elbows on the gate. "All her life — for *me*!"

His quick fancy sketched that life: first the passionate eagerness, throbbing, hoping, trusting, despairing; then submission to the inevitable, the gradual extinction of expectation as time went on; and finally the dimness and placidity of old age, satisfied to worship a pathetic memory. Hardly love, rather love's ghost, that shadowy sentiment, cut off from the strong actual existence of men and women, and thinly nourished on recollections, and fragments of mild verse. Scarlett turned away, as from a book of dried flowers, to Barbara.

"What did you think of me?" he said, still dwelling on the same thought. "Never one word!"

"Well, I felt as if there were a word — at least, a kind of a word — once," she said. "I went with Louisa to the dentist last February — it was Valentine's Day — she wanted a tooth taken out. There were some books and papers lying about in the waiting-room. One of them was an old Christmas number, with something of yours in it. Do you remember?"

"N—no," said Scarlett doubtfully.

"Oh, don't say it wasn't yours! A little poem — it had your name at the end. There can't be *another*, surely," said Barbara, with a touch of resentment at the idea. "There were two illustrations, but I didn't care much for them: I didn't think they were good enough. I read the poem over and over. I did so hope I should recollect it all; but he was ready for Louisa before I had time to learn it properly, and our name was called. It was a very bad tooth, and Louisa had gas, you know. I was obliged to go. I am so slow at learning by heart. Louisa

would have known it all in half the time; but I did wish I could have had just one minute more."

"Tell me what it was," Adrian said.

"*My love loves me*," Barbara began in a timid voice.

"Oh—that! Yes, I remember now. The man who edits that magazine is a friend of mine, and he asked me for some little thing for his Christmas number. If I had thought you would have cared I could have sent it to you."

Her eyes shone with grateful happiness.

"But I didn't," said Adrian. "I didn't do anything. Well, go on, Barbara, tell me how much you remembered."

Barbara paused a moment, looking back to the open page on the dentist's green tablecloth. As she spoke she could see poor Louisa, awaiting her summons with a resigned and swollen face, an old gentleman examining a picture in the *Illustrated London News* through his eyeglass, and a lady apprehensively turning the pages of the dentist's pamphlet, "On Diseases of the Teeth and Gums." Outside, the rain was streaming down the window-panes. Barbara recalled all this with Adrian's verses.

*My love loves me. Then wherefore care  
For rain or shine, for foul or fair?*

*My love loves me.*

*My daylight hours are golden wine,  
And all the happy stars are mine,*

*My love loves me!*

"*Love flies away*," she began more doubtfully, and looked at Adrian, who took it up.

*Love flies away, and summer mirth  
Lies cold and grey upon the earth,*

*Love flies away.*

*The sun has set, no more to rise,  
And far, beneath the shrouded skies,*

*Love flies away.*

"Yes!" cried Barbara, "that's it! I had forgotten those last lines—how stupid of me!"

"Not at all," said Adrian. "You remembered all that concerned you, the rest was quite superfluous."

"Oh but how I did try to remember the end!" she continued pensively. "It haunted me. If I had only had a minute more! But all the same I felt as if I had had something of a message from you that day. It was my valentine, wasn't it?"

Scarlett's eyes, with a look half whimsical, half touched with tender melancholy, met hers.

"I wish we were worth a little more—my poems and I!" said he. "I wish I were a hero, and had written an epic. Yes, by Jove! an epic in twelve books."

"Oh, not for me!" cried Barbara.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### A VERSE OF AN OLD SONG.

"ADRIAN!"

The name was uttered with just a hint of hesitating appeal.

"At your service," Scarlett answered promptly. He had a bit of paper before him, and was pencilling an initial letter to be embroidered on Barbara's handkerchiefs.

"Adrian, did you hear that Mr. Harding—you know whom I mean—was ill?"

"Yes, I did hear something about it." He put his head on one side and looked critically at his work. "Is it anything serious?"

"Yes," said Barbara. "I'm afraid it is."

"Poor fellow! I'm very sorry. How the days do shorten, don't they?"

"Yes," said Barbara again. "They spoke as if he were going to—die."

"Really? I'm sorry for that. It is strange," Adrian continued, putting in a stroke very delicately, "but one of the Wilton girls used always to say he looked like it. I think it was Molly."

Barbara sighed but did not speak.

"Let's see," said Adrian, "he left the Robinsons—what happened? Didn't the boy get drowned?"

"No!" scornfully; "he fell into the water, but somebody fished him out."

"Not Harding?"

"No, somebody else. Mr. Harding went in, but he couldn't swim, and he didn't reach Guy. But he got a chill—it seems that was the beginning of it all."

Scarlett leant back in his chair, twirling the pencil between his fingers and looking at Barbara, whose eyes were fixed upon the rug. They were alone in the drawing-room of a house in Kensington. Their wedding was to be in about six weeks' time, and Barbara was staying for a fortnight with an aunt who had undertaken to help her in her shopping—a delightful aunt who paid bills, and who liked a quiet nap in the afternoon. Adrian sometimes went out with them, and always showed great respect for the good lady's slumbers.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "and where is Mr. Harding now?"



"At his mother's. She lives at Westbourne Park."

"Westbourne Park," Scarlett repeated. "By Jove, that's a change from Mitchelhurst! A nice healthy neighborhood, and convenient for Whiteley's, I suppose; but *what* a change! I say, Barbara, how do you happen to know so much about the Hardings?"

"Adrian!"

And again she seemed to appeal and hesitate in the mere utterance of his name. She crossed the room, and touched his shoulder with her left hand, which had a ring shining on it—a single emerald, a point of lucid color on her slim finger.

"Adrian, I wanted to ask you, would there be any harm if—"

"No," said Adrian gravely, "no harm at all. Not the slightest. Certainly not."

He took her other hand in his.

She looked doubtfully at him.

"What do you mean?"

"What do *you* mean, Barbara?"

"I wanted to go to the door and ask how he is—that's all. I feel as if I shouldn't like to go away without a word. We didn't part quite good friends, you know. And last year he was making his plans, and now we are making ours, and he— Oh, Adrian, why is life so sad? And yet I never thought I *could* be as happy as I am now."

"It's rather mixed, isn't it?" he said, smiling up at her, and he drew her hand to his lips. Barbara's eyes were full of tears. To hide them, she stooped quickly and touched his hair with a fleeting kiss.

"By all means go and ask after your friend before you leave town," said Adrian. "Let us hope he isn't as bad as they think."

"He is," said the girl.

Long before this she had told Adrian about her night adventure at Mitchelhurst. She had been perfectly frank about it, and yet she sometimes doubted her own confession. It seemed so little when she spoke of it to him, so unimportant, so empty of all meaning. Could it be that, and only that, which had troubled her so strangely? He had smiled as he listened, and had put it aside. "I don't suppose you did very much harm," he said, "but any one with half an eye could see that he wasn't the kind of fellow to take things easily. Poor Barbara!" She stood now with something of the same perplexity on her brow; the thought of Reynold Harding always perplexed her.

There was a brief silence, during which she abandoned her hands to Adrian's clasp, and felt his touch run through her, from sensitive finger tips to her very heart. Then she spoke quickly, yet half unwillingly, "Very well then, I shall go."

"You wish it?" Adrian exclaimed, swift to detect every shade of meaning in her voice. "Because, if not, there is no reason why you should. If you hadn't said just now you wanted to go—"

She drew one hand away and turned a little aside. "I know," she said, "I did say it. Really and truly I don't want to go; it makes me uncomfortable to think about him, but I want to have been."

"Get it over then. Ask, and come away as quickly as you can."

"To-morrow?" said Barbara. "I thought, perhaps, as aunt was not going with us about those photograph frames, that to-morrow might do. I couldn't go with aunt."

"You have thought of everything. Go on."

"You might put me into a cab after we leave the shop," she continued. "I think that would be best. I would go and just inquire, and then come straight on here. I don't want to explain to anybody, and if you say it is all right—"

"Why, it is all right, of course. That's settled then," said Adrian.

The next day was dreary even for late November. Adrian and Barbara passed through the frame-maker's door into an outer gloom, chilly and acrid with a touch of fog, and variegated with slowly descending blacks. Everything was dirty and damp. There were gas-lights in the shop windows of a dim, tawny yellow.

Scarlett looked right and left at the sodden street and then upward in the direction of the sky. "This isn't very nice," he said; "hadn't we better go straight home?"

"No—please!" Barbara entreated. "We have filled up to-morrow and the next day, and aunt has asked some people to afternoon tea on Saturday."

"All right; it may be better when we get to Westbourne Park. I'll go a bit of the way with you."

He looked for a cab. Barbara waited passively by his side, gazing straight before her. She had never looked prettier than she did at that moment, standing on the muddy step in the midst of the universal dinginess. Excitement had given tension and brilliancy to her face, she was flushed and warm in her wrappings



of dark fur, and above the rose-red of her cheeks her eyes were shining like stars. "Here we are!" said Scarlett, as he hailed a loitering hansom.

They drove northward, passing rows of shops, all blurred and glistening in the foggy air, and wide, muddy crossings, where people started back at the driver's hoarse shout. Scarlett, with Barbara's hand in his, watched the long procession of figures on the pavement — dusky figures which looked like marionettes, going mechanically and ceaselessly on their way. To the young man, driving by at his ease, their measured movements had an air of ineffectual toil; they were on the treadmill, they hurried forever, and were always left behind. Looking at them he thought of the myriads in the rear, stepping onward, stepping continually. If they had really been marionettes! But the droll thing was that each figure had a history; there was a world-picture in every one of those little, jogging heads.

Presently the shops became scarce, the procession on the pavement grew scattered and thin. They were driving up long, dim streets of stuccoed houses. They passed a square or two where trees, black and bare, rose above shadowy masses of evergreens all pent together within iron railings. One might have fancied that the poor things had strayed into the smoky wilderness, and been impounded in that melancholy place.

"We must be almost there," said Adrian at last, when they had turned into a cross street where the plastered fronts were lower and shabbier. He put the question to the cabman.

"Next turning but one, sir," was the answer.

"Then I'll get out here," said Scarlett.

Barbara murmured a word of farewell, but she felt that it was best. She always thought of Reynold Harding as the unhappiest man she knew, and she could not have driven up to his door to flaunt her great happiness before his eyes. She leant forward quickly, and caught a glimpse of that dear happiness of hers on the sidewalk, smiling and waving a farewell, the one bright and pleasant thing to look upon in the grey foulness of the afternoon.

A turning — then it was very near indeed! Another dull row of houses, each with its portico and little flight of steps. Here and there was a glimmer of gas-light in the basement windows. Then another corner and they were in the very street, and going more slowly as the driver tried

to make out the numbers on the doors. At that moment it suddenly occurred to Miss Strange that her errand was altogether absurd and impossible. She was seized with an overpowering paroxysm of shyness. Her heart stood still, and then began to throb with laboring strokes. Why had she ever come?

Had it depended on herself alone she would certainly have turned round and gone home, but the cab stopped with a jerk opposite one of the stuccoed houses, and there was an evident expectation that she would get out and knock at the door. What would the cabman think of her if she refused, and what could she say to Adrian after all the fuss she had made? Well, perhaps she could face Adrian, who always understood. But the cabman! She alighted and went miserably up the steps.

A servant answered her knock, and stood waiting. Between the maid and the man Barbara plucked up a desperate courage, and asked if Mrs. Harding was at home. She was.

"How is Mr. Harding to-day?" inquired Barbara, hesitating on the threshold.

"Much as usual, thank you, miss," the girl replied. "Won't you step in?"

She obeyed. After all, as she reflected, she need only stay a few minutes, and to go away with merely the formal inquiry, made and answered at the door, would be unsatisfactory. Mr. Harding might never hear that she had called. She followed the maid into a vacant sitting-room, and gave her a card to take to her mistress. The color rushed to her very forehead as she opened the case. Her Uncle Hayes had had her cards printed with *Mitchelhurst Place* in the corner, and though, on coming to Kensington, she had drawn her pen through it, and written her aunt's address instead, it was plain enough to see. How would a Rothwell like to read *Mitchelhurst Place* on a stranger's card? She felt that she was a miserable little upstart.

Mrs. Harding did not come immediately, and Barbara as she waited was reminded of the dentist's room at Ilfracombe. "It's just like it," she said to herself, "and I can't have gas, so it's worse, really. And she hasn't got as many books either." This brought back a memory, and her lips and eyes began to smile —

*My love loves me. Then wherefore care  
For rain or shine, for foul or fair?  
My love loves me.*

But the smile was soon followed by a sigh.

The door opened and Mrs. Harding came in. To Barbara, still in her teens, Reynold's mother was necessarily an old woman, but she recognized her beauty almost in spite of herself, and stood amazed. Mrs. Harding wore black, and it was rather shabby black, but she had the air of a great lady, and her visitor, in her presence, was a shy, blushing child. She apologized for her delay, and the apology was a condescension.

"You don't know me," said the girl in timid haste, "but I know Mr. Harding a little, and I thought I would call."

"Oh, yes," said Kate, "I know you by name, Miss Strange. My son was indebted to Mr. Hayes for an invitation to Mitchelhurst Place last autumn."

"I'm sure we were very glad," Barbara began, and then stopped confusedly, remembering that they had turned Mr. Reynold Harding out of the house before his visit was over. The situation was embarrassing. "I wish we could have made it pleasanter for him," she said, and blushed more furiously than ever.

"Have made Mitchelhurst pleasanter?" Mrs. Harding repeated. "Thank you, you are very kind. I believe he had a great wish to see the Place."

"It's a fine old house," said Barbara conversationally. "I have left it now."

"So I supposed. I was sorry to see in the paper that Mr. Hayes was dead. I remember him very well, five-and-twenty or thirty years ago."

"I am going abroad," the girl continued. "I—I don't exactly know how long we shall be away. I am going to be married. But they told me Mr. Harding was ill—I hope it is not serious? I thought, as I was near, that I should like to ask before I went."

Mrs. Harding considered her with suddenly awakened attention. "He is very ill," she said briefly. "You know what is the matter with him?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"He was not very strong as a boy. At one time he seemed better, but it was only for a time."

"I'm very sorry," said Barbara, standing up. "Please tell him I came to ask how he was before I went."

Mrs. Harding rose too, and looked straight into her visitor's eyes. "Would you like to see him?"

"I don't know," the girl faltered. "I'm not sure he would care to see me. If he would——"

Mrs. Harding interrupted her, "Excuse me a moment," and vanished.

Barbara, left alone, stood confounded. She was taken by surprise, and yet she was conscious that to see Reynold Harding was what she had really been hoping and dreading from the first. Some one moved overhead. Perhaps he would say no, in that harsh, sudden voice of his. Well, then, she would escape from this house, which was like a prison to her, and go back to Adrian, knowing that she had done all she could. Perhaps he would laugh, and say yes.

She listened with strained attention. A chair was moved, a fire was stirred, a door was closed. Then her hostess reappeared. "Will you come this way?" she said.

Barbara obeyed without a word. The matter was taken out of her hands, and nothing but submission was possible. The grey dusk was gathering on the stairs, and through a tall window, rimmed with squares of red and blue, rose a view of roofs and chimneys half drowned in fog. Barbara passed onward and upward, went mutely through a door which was opened for her, and saw Reynold Harding sitting by the fire. He lifted his face and looked at her. In an instant there flashed into her memory a verse of the old song of "Barbara Allen," sung to her as a child for her name's sake:—

*Slowly, slowly, she came up,  
And slowly she came nigh him;  
And all she said when there she came,  
"Young man, I think you're dying."*

The words, which she had sung to herself many a time, taking pleasure in their grotesque simplicity, presented themselves now with such sudden and ghastly directness, that a cold damp broke out on her forehead. She set her teeth fast, fearing that Barbara's speech would force its way through her lips with an outburst of hysterical laughter. What *could* she say, what could anybody say, but "Young man, I think you're dying"? The words were clamoring so loudly in her ears that she glanced apprehensively at Mrs. Harding to make sure that they had not been spoken.

Reynold's smile recalled her to herself, and told her that he was reading too much on her startled face. "Won't you sit down?" he said, pointing to a chair. Before she took it she instinctively put out her hand and greeted him with a murmur of speech. What she said she did not exactly know, but *not* those hideous words, thank God!

Mrs. Harding paused for a moment by the fire, gazing curiously at her son, as if she were studying a problem. Then silently, in obedience to some sign of his, or to some divination of her own, she turned away and left the two together.

Barbara looked over her shoulder at the closing door, and her eyes in travelling back to Harding's face took in the general aspect of the room. It was fairly large and lofty. Folding doors, painted a dull drab, divided it from what she conjectured was the sick man's bedroom. It was dull, it was negative, not particularly shabby, not uncomfortable, not vulgar, but hopelessly dreary and commonplace. There was in it no single touch of beauty or individuality on which the eye could rest. Some years earlier an upholsterer had supplied the ordinary furniture, a paper-hanger had put up an ordinary paper, and, except that time had a little dulled and faded everything, it remained as they had left it. The drab was rather more drab, that was all.

"Well," said Reynold from his arm-chair, "so you have come to see me."

"I wanted to ask you how you were—I heard you were ill," Barbara explained, and it struck her that she was exactly like a little parrot, saying the same thing over and over again.

"Very kind of you," he replied. "Do you want me to answer?"

"If—if you could say you were getting a little better."

He smiled. "It looks like it, doesn't it?" he said languidly.

Barbara's eyes met his for a moment, and then she hung her head.

No, it did not look like it. Two candles were burning on the chimneypiece, but the curtains had not been drawn. Between the two dim lights, yellow and grey, he sat, leaning a little sideways, with a face like the face of the dead, except for the great, sombre eyes which looked out of it, and the smile which showed a glimpse of his teeth. His hand hung over the arm of his chair, the hot, nerveless hand which Barbara had taken in her own a moment before.

"I am so sorry," she said. "I hoped I might have had some better news of you before I went away. Did you know I was going away—going to be married?"

She looked up, putting the question in a timid voice, and he answered "Yes," with a slight movement of his head and eyelids. "I wish you all happiness."

"Thank you," said Barbara gratefully.

"And where are you going?"

"To Paris for a time, and then we shall see. He"—this with a little hesitation—"he is very busy."

"Busy—what, more poems?" said the man who had done with being busy.

"Yes. Did you see his volume?"

Harding shook his head. "I'm afraid I'm a little past Mr. Scarlett's poetry."

"Oh!" said Barbara, "of course one can't read when one is ill. You ought to rest."

"Yes," he assented. "I don't seem able to manage that either, just at present, but I dare say I shall soon. Meanwhile I sit here and look at the fire."

"Yes," said the girl. "Some people see all sorts of things in the fire."

"So they say," he answered listlessly. "I see it eating its heart out slowly. And so you are going to Paris? That was your dream when you were at Mitchelhurst."

"Yes—you told me to wait, and it would come, and it is coming. Oh, but you had dreams at Mitchelhurst, too, Mr. Harding! I wanted them to come true as well as mine."

"Did you? That was very kind of you. Mitchelhurst was a great place for dreams, wasn't it? But I left mine there. Better there."

"I felt ashamed just now," said Barbara, "when your mother spoke about your staying with us at Mitchelhurst. She doesn't know, then? Oh, Mr. Harding, I hate to think how we treated you in your old home, and I know my poor uncle was sorry too!"

"What for? People who can't agree are better apart, and Mrs. Simmonds' lodgings were comfortable enough," said Reynold.

"Oh, but it wasn't right! If you and uncle had only met——"

"Well, if all they tell us is true, I suppose we shall before long. Let's hope we may both be better tempered."

"Don't!" cried Barbara, with a glance at the pale face opposite, and a remembrance of her Uncle Hayes propped up in the great bed at Mitchelhurst. Would these two spectres meet and bow, in some dim under-world of graves and skeletons? She could not picture them glorified in any way, could not fancy them otherwise than as she had known them. "Pray don't," she said again.

"Very well," said Reynold, "but why not? It makes no difference. Still, talk of what you please."

"Does it hurt you to talk?"

"Yes, I believe it does. Everything

hurts me, and therefore nothing does. So if you like it any better, it doesn't."

"I won't keep you long," said Barbara. "Perhaps I ought not to have come, but I felt as if I could not leave England without a word. You see, there is no knowing how long I may be away —"

"You were wise," said Reynold. "A pleasant journey to you! But don't come here to look for me when you come back. The fire will be out, and the room will be swept and garnished. This is a very chilly room when it is swept and garnished."

To Barbara it was a dim and suffocating room at that moment. She hardly felt as if it were really she who sat there, face to face with that pale Rothwell shadow, and she put up her hand and loosened the fur at her throat.

"You do not mind my coming now?" she said, ignoring the latter half of his speech. "You remember that evening? You did not make me very welcome then." A tremulous little laugh ended the sentence.

He shifted his position in the big chair with a weary effort, and let his head fall back. "It's different," he said. "Everything is different. I was alive then — five and twenty — and I was afraid you might get yourself into some trouble on my account — you had told me how the Mitchelhurst people gossipped. I understood, but they wouldn't have. Did the old man hear of it?"

"No," said Barbara; "he was ill so soon."

Harding made a slight sign of comprehension. "Well, it wouldn't be my business to say anything now," he went on in his hoarse, low voice. "Besides, there is nothing to say. If the Devil had a daughter, she couldn't make any scandal out of an afternoon call in my mother's house. She couldn't suspect you of a flirtation with a death's head. Visiting the sick — it is the very pink of propriety."

Barbara felt herself continually baffled. And yet she could not accept her repulse. There was something she wanted to say to Mr. Harding, or rather, there was a word she wanted him to say to her. If he would but say it she would go, very gladly, for the walls of the room, the heavy atmosphere, and Reynold's eyes, weighed upon her like a nightmare. He had likened her once in his thoughts to a little brown-plumaged bird, and she felt like a bird that afternoon, a bird which had flown into a gloomy cage, and sat, oppressed and fascinated, with a palpitat-

ing heart. It seemed to her that his eyes had been upon her ever since she came in, and she wanted a moment's respite.

It came almost as soon as the thought had crossed her mind. Reynold coughed painfully. She started to her feet, not knowing what she ought to do, but a thin hand, lifted in the air, signed to her to be still. Presently the paroxysm subsided.

"Don't you want anything?" she ventured to ask.

He shook his head. After a moment he opened a little box on the table at his elbow, and took out a lozenge. Barbara dared not speak again. She looked at the dull, smouldering fire. "Young man," she said to herself with great distinctness, "Young man, *I think* you're dying."

She had the saddest heartache as she thought of it. That for her there should be life, London, Paris, the south — who could tell what far-off cities and shores? — who could tell how many years with Adrian? Who could tell what beauty and sweetness and music, what laughter and tears, what dreams and wonders, what joys and sorrows in days to come? While for him, this man with whom she had built castles in the air at Mitchelhurst, there were only four drab walls, a slowly burning fire, and a square grey picture of roofs and chimneys, dim in the foggy air. That was his share of the wide earth! No ease, no love, no joy, no hope, — the mother-world, which was to her so bountifully kind, kept nothing for him but a few dull, wintry days. Why must this be? And he was so young! And there was so much life everywhere, the earth was full of it, full to overflowing, this busy London was a surging, tumultuous sea of life about them, where they sat in that dim, hushed room. She raised her head and looked timidly at the figure opposite, pale as a spectre, half lying, half lolling in his leathern chair, while he sucked his lozenge, and gazed before him with downcast eyes. From him, at least, life had ebbed hopelessly.

"Young man, I think you're dying." Oh, it was cruel, cruel! Barbara's thoughts flashed from the sick-room to her own happiness — flashed home. She saw the lawn at Sandmoor, and a certain tennis-player standing in the shade of the big tulip-tree, as she had seen him often that summer. He was in his white flannels, he was flushed, smiling, his grey-blue eyes were shining, he swung his racquet in his hand as he talked. He was so handsome and glad and young — ah! but no younger than Reynold Harding!

Suppose it had been Adrian, and not Reynold, in the chair yonder, and her happy dreams, instead of being carried forward on the full flood of prosperity, had been left stranded and wrecked, on the low, desolate shore of death. It might have been Adrian passing thus beyond recall, the sun might have been dying out of her heaven, and at the thought she turned away her head, to hide the hot tears which welled into her eyes.

"You are sorry for me," said Reynold.

It was true, though the tears had not been for him. "I'm sorry you are ill," she said. She got up as she spoke, and stood by the fire.

"Very kind, but very useless," he answered with a smile.

"Useless!" cried little Barbara. "I know it is useless! I know I can't do anything! But, Mr. Harding, we were friends once, weren't we?"

He was silent. "I thought we were!" she faltered.

"Friends — yes, if you like. We will say that we were — friends."

"I thought we were," she repeated humbly. "I don't mean to make too much of it, but I thought we were very good friends, as people say, till that unlucky evening — that evening when you and Uncle Hayes — you were angry with me then!"

"That's a long while ago."

"It was my fault," she continued. "I didn't mean any harm, but you had a right to be vexed. And afterwards, that other evening when I went to you — I don't know what harm I did by forgetting your letter — you would not tell me, but I know you were angry. Afterwards, when I thought of it, I could see that you had been keeping it down all the time, you wouldn't reproach me then and there," said Barbara, with cheeks of flame, "but I understood when I looked back. It was only natural that you should be angry. It was very good of you not to say more."

"I think it was," said Reynold, but so indistinctly that Barbara, though she looked questioningly at him, doubted whether she heard the words.

"It would be only natural if you hated me," she went on, panting and eager, now that she had once begun to speak. "But you mustn't, please, I can't bear it! I have never quarrelled with any one, never in all my life. I don't like to go away and feel that I am leaving some one behind me with whom I am not friends. So, Mr. Harding, I want you just to say that you don't hate me."

"Oh, but you are making too much of all that," he replied, and then, with an invalid's abruptness, he asked, "Where's your talisman?"

She looked down at her watch-chain. "I gave it to Mr. Scarlett, he liked it," she said, with a guilty remembrance of Reynold among the brambles. "But you haven't answered me, Mr. Harding."

Her pleading was persistent, like a child's. She was childishly intent on the very word she wanted. She remembered how her uncle had laughed as she walked home after that first encounter with young Harding. "And you saw him roll into the ditch — Barbara, the poor fellow must hate you like poison!" No, he must not! It was the *word* she could not bear, it was only the *word* she knew.

"Nonsense!" he said, moving his head uneasily. "Let bygones be bygones. We can't alter the past. We are going different ways — go yours, and let me go mine in peace."

It was a harsh answer, but the frown which accompanied it betrayed irresolution as well as anger.

"I can't go so," Barbara pleaded, emboldened by this sign of possible yielding. "I never meant to do any harm. Say you are not angry — only one word — and then I'll go."

"I know you will." He laid his lean hands on the arms of his chair, and drew himself up. "Well," he said, "have it your own way — why not? What is it that I am to say?"

"Say," she began eagerly, and then checked herself. She would not ask too much. "Say only that you don't hate me," she entreated, fixing her eyes intently on his face.

"I love you, Barbara."

The girl recoiled, scared at the sudden intensity of meaning in his eyes, and in every line of his wasted figure as he leaned towards her. His hoarse whisper sent a shock through the deadened air of the drab room. Those three words had broken through the frozen silence of a life of repression and self-restraint, in them was distilled all the hoarded fierceness of love and revenge. In uttering them Reynold had uttered himself at last.

To Barbara it was as if a flash of fire showed her his passion, such a passion as her gentle soul had never imagined, against the outer darkness of death and his despair. Something choked and frightened her, and seemed to encircle her heart in its coils. It was a revelation which came from within as well as without. She



threw out her hands as if he approached her. "*Adrian!*" she cried.

Reynold, leaning feebly on the arm of his chair, laughed.

"Well," he said, "are you content? I have said it."

"Oh," said Barbara, still gazing at him, "I know now—I understand—you do hate me!"

"Love you," he repeated. "I think I loved you from the day I saw you first. I dreamed of you at Mitchelhurst—only of you! Mitchelhurst for you, if you would have it so—but you—you!"

"No!" she cried.

"And afterwards you were afraid of me! If it had been any one else! But you shrank from me—you were afraid of me—the only creature in the world I loved! And then that last night when you came to me—how clever of you to discover that I was fighting with something I wanted to keep down! So I was, Barbara!"

He paused, but she only looked helplessly into his eyes.

"You don't know how hard it was," he continued meaningly. "For if I had chosen——"

"No!" she cried again.

"Yes! Do you think I did not know? Yes! I might have had your promise then! I might have had——"

He checked himself, but she did attempt a second denial.

"Well, enough of this," said Reynold, after a moment. "It need not trouble you long. Look in the *Times* and you will soon see the end of it. But you can remember, if you like, that one man loved you, at any rate."

"One man does," said Barbara, in a voice which she tried to keep steady.

"Ah, the other fellow. Well, you know about that."

"Yes, I know."

"And you know that in spite of all I don't hate you. No, I don't, though I dare say you hate me for what I have said. But I can't help that—you asked for it."

"Yes," said Barbara. "I wish I hadn't."

"Forget it, then," he replied, with a gleam of triumph in his glance.

"You know I can't do that," she said.

She was too young to know how much may be forgotten with the help of time, and it seemed to her that Reynold's eyes would follow her to her dying day, that wherever there were shadows and silence, she would meet that reproachful, unsatisfied gaze, and hear his voice.

"You are very cruel!" she exclaimed.

"Am I?" he said more gently. "Poor child! I never meant to speak of this. I never could have spoken if you had not come this afternoon. I could not have told it to anybody but you, and you were out of my reach. Why did you come? You were quite safe if you had stayed away. You should have left me to sting myself to death in a ring of fire, as the scorpions do—or don't! What made you come inside the ring? It's narrow enough, God knows!" he looked round as he spoke. "And you had all the world to choose from. As far as I was concerned you might have been in another planet. I couldn't have reached you. What possessed you to come here, to me? Well, you *did*, and you are stung. Is it my fault?"

"No, mine!" said the girl passionately. "I never meant to hurt you, and you know I didn't, but it has all gone wrong from first to last. Anyhow, you have revenged yourself now. I wish—I *wish* that you were well, and strong, and rich——"

"That you might have the luxury of hating me? No, no, Barbara. I'm dying, and no one in all the world will miss me. I leave my memory to you."

He smiled as he spoke, but his utterance almost failed him, and Barbara's answer was a sob.

"I take it, then," she said in a choked voice. "Perhaps I should have been too happy if I had not known—I might never have thought about other people. But I shan't forget."

Then she saw that he had sunk back into his chair, and his face, which had fallen on the dull red leather, was a picture of death. The marble bust in Mitchelhurst Church did not look more bloodless.

"Oh!" said Barbara, "you are tired!"

"Mortally," he replied, faintly unclosing his lips. "Good-bye."

She paused for an instant, looking at the dropped lids which hid those eyes that she had feared. She could do nothing for him but leave him. "Good-bye," she said, very softly, as if she feared to disturb his rest, and then she went away.

The window on the stairs was a dim grey shape. Barbara groped her way down, and stood hesitating in the passage. It was really only half a minute before the maid came up from the basement with matches to light the gas, but it was like an age of dreary perplexity.

"I've just left Mr. Harding," she said hurriedly to the girl, whose matter-of-fact face was suddenly illuminated by the jet



of flame. "I'm afraid he's tired. I think somebody ought to go to him."

"Mind the step, miss," was the reply. "I'll tell missis. I dare say he'll have his cocoa, I think it's past the time."

"Oh, *don't* wait for me!" cried Barbara. "I am all right."

She felt as if Reynold Harding might die by his fireside while she was being ceremoniously shown out. She reached the door first and shut it quickly after her, to cut all attentions short. She had hurried out at the gate, under the foggy outline of a little laburnum, when a shout from the pursuing cabman aroused her to the consciousness that she had started off to walk.

Thus arrested, she got into the hansom, covered with confusion, and not daring to look at the man as she gave her address. He must certainly think that she meant to cheat him, or that she was mad. She shrank back into the seat, feeling sure that he would look through the little hole in the roof, from time to time, to see what his eccentric fare might be doing, and she folded her hands and sat very still, to impress him with the idea that she had become quite sane and well-behaved. As if it mattered what the cabman thought! And yet she blushed over her blunder while Reynold Harding's "I love you," was still sounding in her ears, and while the hansom rolled southward through the lamplit, glittering streets to the tune of "Barbara Allen."

#### CHAPTER XX.

JANUARY, 1883.

"A train of human memories,  
Crying: The past must never pass away.

"They depart and come no more,  
Or come as phantoms and as ghosts."

"WHEN we are married," Adrian had said on that blissful day in Nutfield Lane, "before we go abroad, before we go *anywhere*, we will run down to Mitchelhurst for a day, won't we?"

Barbara had agreed to this as she would have agreed to anything he had suggested, and the plan had been discussed during the summer months, till it seemed to have acquired a kind of separate existence, as if Adrian's light whim had been transformed into destiny. The bleak little English village stood in the foreground of their radiant honeymoon picture of Paris and the south. The straggling rows of cottages, the cabbage-plots, the churchyard where the damp earth, heavy with its burden of death, rose high against the

buttressed wall, the blacksmith's forge with its fierce rush of sparks, the Rothwell Arms with the sign that swung above the door—were all strangely distinct against a bright confusion of far-off stir and gaiety, white foreign streets, and skies and waters of deepest blue. All their lives, if they pleased, for that world beyond, but the one day, first, for Mitchelhurst.

Thus it happened that the careless fancy of April was fulfilled in January. January is a month which exhibits most English scenery to small advantage; and Mitchelhurst wore its dreariest aspect when a fly from the county town drew up beneath the swaying sign. The little holiday couple, stepping out of it into the midst of the universal melancholy, looked somewhat out of place. Adrian and Barbara had that radiant consciousness of having done something very remarkable indeed which characterizes newly married pairs. They had the usual conviction that an exceptional perfection in their union made it the very flower of all love in all time. They had plucked this supremely delicate felicity, and here they were, alighting with it from the shabby conveyance, and standing in the prosaic dirt of Mitchelhurst street. The sign gave a long, discordant creak by way of greeting, and they started and looked up.

"It wouldn't be worse for a little grease," the landlord allowed, in a voice which was not much more melodious than the creaking sign.

Scarlett laughed, but he realized the whole scene with an amusement which had a slight flavor of dismay. Was this the place which was to give his honeymoon an added touch of poetry? How poor and ignoble the houses were! How bare and bleak the outlines of the landscape! How low the dull, grey roof of sky! How raw the January wind upon his cheek! There was only a momentary pause. Barbara was looking down the well-known road, the bullet-headed landlord scratched his unshaven chin, and the disconsolate chickens came nearer and nearer, pecking aimlessly among the puddles.

"I suppose you can give us some luncheon?" said the young man, and in the interest of that important question it hardly seemed as if there had been a pause at all.

The landlady arrived in a flurry, asking what they would please to order, and Adrian and she kept up a brisk dialogue for the next five minutes. Finally, it was

decided that they should have chops. Perhaps the discussion satisfied some traditional sense of what was the right thing to do on arriving at an inn. There was nothing to have *but* the chops which Adrian had chosen, and he murmured something of "fixed fate, free-will" under his moustache, as he crossed the road in the direction of the church.

"In an hour," he said. "That will give us time to see the church and the village. Then, after luncheon, we will go to the old Place, and the fly shall call for us there, and take us back the short way. Will that do, Barbara?"

Of course it would do; and when they reached the churchyard she bade him wait a moment and she would get the key. The stony path to Mrs. Spearman's cottage was curiously familiar—the broken palings, the pump, the leafless elder-bush. The only difference was that it was Barbara Scarlett—a different person—who was stepping over the rough pebbles.

She returned to Adrian, who was leaning against the gate-post.

"Mitchelhurst isn't very beautiful," he said, with an air of conviction. "I thought I remembered it, but it has come upon me rather as a shock. Somehow, I fancied—Barbara, is it possible that I have taken all the beauty out of it—that it belongs to *me* now, instead of to Mitchelhurst? Can that be?"

She smiled her answer to the question, and then—

"I think it looks very much as usual," she said, gazing dispassionately round. "Of course, it is prettier in the spring—or in the summer. It was summer when you came, you know."

She had a vague recollection of having pleaded the cause of Mitchelhurst at some other time in the same way, which troubled her a little.

"Yes, I know it was summer," said Adrian. "But still—"

"You mustn't say anything against Mitchelhurst," cried Barbara, swinging her great key. "It isn't beautiful, but I feel as if I belonged to it, somehow. It changed me, I can't tell why or how, but it did. After I had been six months with Uncle Hayes, I went home for a fortnight in the spring, and everything seemed so different. It was all so bright and busy there, everybody talked so fast about little every-day things, and the rooms were so small and crowded. I suppose it was because I had been living with echoes and old pictures in that great house. Louisa and Hetty were always having little se-

crets and jokes, there wasn't any harm in them, you know, but I felt as if I could not care about them or laugh at them, and yet some of them had been *my* jokes before I went to Mitchelhurst. And I could not make them understand why I cared about the Rothwells and their pictures, when I had never known any of them."

"Louisa is a very nice girl," said Scarlett; "but if Mitchelhurst is all the difference between you two, I am bound to say that I have a high opinion of the place."

"Well, I don't know any other difference."

"Don't you?" and he smiled as he followed her along the churchyard path. "No other difference? None?" He smiled, and yet he knew that the old house had given a charm to Barbara when he saw her first. She had been like a little damask rose, breathing and glowing against its grim walls. He took the key from her hand, and turned it in the grating lock.

It seemed as if the very air were unchanged within, so heavy and still it was. Barbara went forward, and her little footfalls were hardly audible on the matting. Adrian, with his head high, sniffed in search of a certain remembered perfume, as of mildewed hymn-books, found it, and was content. It brought back to him, as only an odor could, his first afternoon in the church, when he stood with one of those books in his hand, and watched the Rothwell pew which held Barbara.

Having enjoyed his memory he faced round and inspected St. Michael, who was as new, and neat, and radiant as ever. Adrian speculated how long it would take to make him look a little less of a parvenu. "Would a couple of centuries do him any good, I wonder?" he mused, half aloud. "Not much, I fear." The archangel returned his gaze with a permanent serenity which seemed to imply that a century more or less was a matter of indifference to his dragon and him.

Barbara had gone straight to the Rothwell monuments, where Scarlett presently joined her. She did not take her eyes from the tombs, but she stole a warm little hand under his arm. "I wish he could have been buried here," she said in a low voice.

Reynold had said that he bequeathed her his memory, but now, in her happiness, it seemed to be receding, fading, melting away. She gazed helplessly in remorseful pain; he was only a chilly phantom; the very fierceness of his pas-

sion was but a dying spark of fire. She could recall his words, but they were dull and faint, like echoes nearly spent. She could not recall their meaning — that was gone. The declaration of love which had burst upon her like a great wave, filling her with pity and wonder and fear, had ebbed to some unapproachable distance, leaving her perplexed and half incredulous. Adrian, in flesh and blood, was at her side, and she thrilled and glowed at his touch; but when she thought of Reynold Harding she met only a vague emptiness. He was not with the Rothwells in this quiet corner; he was not where she had left him, lying back in his leathern chair. That room was swept and garnished and cold, as he had said. No doubt they had put him in some suburban cemetery, some wilderness of graves which to her was only a name of dreariness. Standing where he had once stood in Mitchelhurst Church, she only felt his absence, and she thought that she could have recalled him better if he had been at rest beneath the dimly lettered pavement on which her eyes were fixed.

She was wrong. Memories cannot bear the outer air, or be laid away in the cold earth; they can only live when they are hidden in our hearts, and quickened by our pulses. Barbara could not keep the remembrance of Reynold's love alive, with no love of her own to warm it. But in her ignorance she said wistfully, —

"I wish he could have been buried here!" and then added in a quicker tone, "I suppose you'll say it makes no difference where he lies."

"Indeed I shan't," said Adrian. "There may be beauty or ugliness, fitness or unfitness, in one's last home as well as any other. Yes, I wish he were here. But he was an unlucky fellow; it seemed as if he were never to have anything he wanted, didn't it?"

"How do you mean — not anything?"

"Well, I think he would have liked Mitchelhurst Place."

"Yes," said Barbara, "he would, I know."

"And I am sure he would have liked the name of Rothwell. He was ashamed of his father's people. That pork-butcher rankled."

"Oh!" said Barbara, still looking at the tombs, "did you know about that? Did everybody know?" She spoke very softly, as if she thought the dusty Rothwell, peering out of his marble curls, might overhear. "No, I suppose he didn't like him."

"I know he didn't. Well, he hadn't the name he liked: he was saddled with the pork-butcher's name. And then, worst of all, he couldn't have you, Barbara!"

She turned upon him with parted lips and a startled face.

"Well," said Scarlett, "he couldn't, you know."

"Adrian! how did you know he cared for me? He did, but how did you know it? I thought I ought not to tell anybody."

"I saw him once," said Scarlett, "and I found it out. I saw him again — just passed him in the road, and we did not say a word. But I was doubly sure, if that were possible. Poor devil! If he could have had his way we should not have met in the lane that day, Barbara."

"I never dreamed of it," she said. "I thought he hated me."

"If a girl thinks a man hates her," said Adrian, "I suppose the chances are he does one thing or the other."

"I never dreamed of it," she repeated, "never, till he told me at the end. It could not be my fault, could it, as I did not know? But it seemed so cruel — so hard! He had cared for me all the time, he said, and nobody had ever cared for him."

"You mustn't be unhappy about that," said Scarlett gently.

"But that's just it!" Barbara exclaimed plaintively. "I ought to be unhappy, and I can't be, Adrian! I've got all the happiness — a whole world full of it — and he had none. I must be a heartless wretch to stand here, and think of him, and be so glad because —"

Because her hand was on Adrian's arm.

"My darling," he said, in a tone half tenderly jesting, half earnest, "you mustn't blame yourself for this. What had you to do with it? Do you think you could have made that poor fellow happy?"

She looked at him perplexed.

"He loved me," she said.

"I know he did. You might have given him a momentary rapture if you had loved him. But make him happy — not you! Not anybody, Barbara! How could you look at his face, and not see that he carried his unhappiness about with him? I verily believe that there was no place on the earth's surface where he could have been at peace. Underneath it — perhaps!"

Barbara sighed, looking down at the stones.

"You people with consciences blame yourselves for things foredoomed," said

Scarlett. "Harding's destiny was written before you were born, my dear child. Besides," he added, in a lighter tone, "what would you do with the pair of us?"

"That's true," she said thoughtfully.

"Take my word for it," he went on, "if you want to do any good you should give happiness to the people who are fit for it. You can brighten my life—oh, my darling, you don't know how much! But his—never! If you were an artist you might as well spend your best work in painting angels and roses on the walls of the family vault down here as try it."

"Yes," said Barbara. Then, after a pause, she spoke with a kind of sob in her voice, "But if one had thrown in just a flower before the door was shut! I couldn't, you know, I hadn't anything to give him!"

Scarlett, by way of answer, laid his hand on hers. When you come face to face with such an undoubted fact as the attraction a man's lonely suffering has for a woman, argument is useless. It is an ache for which self-devotion is the only relief. He perfectly understood the remorseful working of Barbara's tender heart.

"I couldn't do without you, my dear," he said.

"Oh, Adrian!—no!" she exclaimed. "That day when I said good-bye to him, he fancied I was crying for him once, and even that was for you. I was just thinking, if it had been you sitting there!"

"Foolish child! I'm not to be got rid of so easily."

"Don't talk of it!" said Barbara.

Her hand tightened on his arm, and she looked up at him, with a glance that said plainly that the sun would drop out of her sky if any mischance befell him.

"Well," she said, after a minute, more in her ordinary voice, as if she were dismissing Reynold Harding from the conversation, "I'm glad you know. I wanted you to know, but of course I could not tell you."

"It's wonderful with women," said Adrian, gliding easily into generalities, "the things they *don't* think it necessary to tell us, taking it for granted that we know them, and we *can't* know them and *don't* know them to our dying day—and the things they *do* think it necessary to tell us, with elaborate precautions and explanations—which we knew perfectly well from the first."

"Oh, is that it?" Barbara replied

smartly. "Then I shall tell you everything, and you can be surprised or not as you please."

"I shan't be much surprised," said Adrian, "unless, perhaps, you tell me something when you think you are not telling anything at all."

And with this they went off together to look at the seat in which he sat when Barbara saw him first, and then she stood in her old place in the Rothwells' red-lined pew, and looked across at him, recalling that summer Sunday. It would have been a delightful amusement if the church had been a few degrees warmer, but Barbara could not help shivering a little, and Adrian frankly avowed that he found it impossible to maintain his feelings at the proper pitch.

"I'm blue," he said, "and I'm iced, and I can't be sentimental. And you wore a thin, cream-colored dress that day, which is terrible to think of. Might write something afterwards, perhaps," he continued musingly. "Not while my feet are like two stones, but I feel as if I might thaw into a sonnet, or something of the kind."

Barbara looked up at him reverentially, and Adrian began to laugh.

"Let's go and eat those chops," he said.

Later, as they walked along the street towards Mitchelhurst Place, Scarlett was silent for a time, glancing right and left at the dull cottages. Here and there one might catch a glimpse of firelight through the panes, but most of them were drearily blank, with grey windows and closed doors. It was too cold for the straw-plaiters to stand on their thresholds and gossip while they worked. There was a foreshadowing of snow in the low-hanging clouds.

"What are you thinking of?" Barbara asked him.

"Don't let us ever come here again!" he answered. "It's all very well for this once; we are young enough, we have our happiness before us. But never again! Suppose we were old and sad when we came back, or suppose——" He stopped short. "Suppose one came back alone," should have been the ending of that sentence.

"Very well," she agreed hastily, as if to thrust aside the unspoken words.

"We say our good-bye to Mitchelhurst to-day, then?" Adrian insisted.

"Yes. There won't be any temptation to come again, if what they told us is true—will there?"

She referred to a rumor which they had heard at the Rothwell Arms, that as Mr. Croft could not find a tenant for the place he meant to pull it down.

"No," said Scarlett. "It seems a shame, though," he added.

Presently they came in sight of the entrance—black bars, and beyond them a stirring of black boughs in the January wind, over the straight, bleak roadway to the house. The young man pushed the gate. "Some one has been here to-day," he said, noting a curve already traced on the damp earth.

"Some one to take the house, perhaps," Barbara suggested. "Look, there's a carriage waiting out to the right of the door. I wish they hadn't happened to choose this very day. I would rather have had the old Place to ourselves, wouldn't you?"

"Much," said Adrian.

These young people were still in that ecstatic mood in which, could they have had the whole planet to themselves, it would never have occurred to them that it was lonely. Their eyes met as they answered, and if at that moment the wind-swept avenue had been transformed into sunlit boughs of blossoming orange, they might not have remarked any accession of warmth and sweetness.

The old woman who was in charge recognized Barbara, and made no difficulty about allowing them to wander through the rooms at their leisure. In fact she was only too glad not to leave her handful of fire on such a chilly errand.

"Is it true," Mrs. Scarlett asked eagerly, "that Mr. Croft is going to pull the house down?"

"So they tell me, ma'am. There's to be a sale here, come midsummer, and after that they say the old Place comes down. There's nobody to take it, now poor Mr. Hayes is gone."

Adrian's glance quickened at the mention of a sale, and then he recalled his expressed intention never to come to Mitchelhurst again. "Perhaps he'll find a tenant before then," he said. "You've got somebody here to-day, haven't you?"

The woman started in sudden remembrance. "Oh, there's a lady," she said, "I 'most forgot her. She said she was one of the old family, and used to live here. My orders are to go round with 'em when they come to look at the house, but the lady didn't want nobody, she said, she knew her way, and she walked right off. I hope it ain't nothing wrong, but she's been gone some time."

"I should think it was quite right," said Scarlett. "Come, Barbara."

They went from room to room. All were silent, empty, and cold, with shutters partly unclosed, letting in slanting gleams of grey light. The painted eyes of the portraits on the wall looked askance at them as they stood gazing about. All the little modern additions which Mr. Hayes had made to the furniture for comfort's sake had been taken away, and the Rothwells had come into possession of their own again.

Scarlett opened the old piano as he passed. "Do you remember?" he said, glancing brightly, and with a smile curving his red lips, as he began, with one hand, to touch a familiar tune. But Barbara cried "Hush!" and the tinkling, jangling notes died suddenly into the stillness. "Suppose she were to hear!"

"I wonder where she is," he rejoined, with a glance round. "She must have come to say good-bye to her old home, too."

There was no sign of her as they crossed the hall (where Barbara's great clock had long ago run down) and went up the wide, white stairs. But it was curious how they felt her unseen presence, and how the knowledge that at any moment they might turn a corner and encounter that living woman, made the place more truly haunted than if it had held a legion of ghosts.

"I almost think she must have gone," Barbara whispered, as they came down stairs again.

"No," said Adrian, with an oblique glance which her eyes followed.

Kate Harding was standing by one of the windows in the entrance hall, a stately figure in heavy draperies of black. Hearing the steps of the intruders she turned slightly, and partially confronted them, and the light fell on her face, pale and proud, close-lipped, full of mute and dreary defiance. Only she herself knew the passionate eagerness with which, as a girl, she had renounced her old home—only she knew the strange power with which Mitchelhurst had drawn her back once more. Fate had been too strong for her, and she had returned to her own place, perhaps to the thought of the son who had belonged more to it than to her.

Her eyes, resting indifferently on the girl's face, widened in sudden recognition, and she looked from Barbara to Adrian. Her glance enveloped the young couple in its swift intensity, and then fell coldly to the pavement as she bent her head. Bar-



bara blushed and drooped, Scarlett bowed, as they passed the motionless woman, drawn back a little against the wall, with the faded map of the great Mitchelhurst estate hanging just behind her.

Their fly was waiting at the door, and in less than a minute they were rolling quickly down the avenue. Adrian, stooping to tuck a rug about his wife's feet, only raised himself in time to catch a last glimpse of the white house front, and to cry, "Good-bye, Mitchelhurst!" Barbara echoed his good-bye. Mitchelhurst was only an episode in her life; she cared for the place, yet she was not sorry to escape from its shadows of loves and hates, too deep and dark for her, and its unconquerable melancholy. She left it, but a touch of its sadness would cling to her in after years, giving her the tenderness which comes from a sense—dim, perhaps, but all pervading—of the underlying suffering of the world. She looked back and saw her happiness, tossed lightly and miraculously from crest to crest of the black waves which might have engulfed it in a moment; and even as she leaned in the warm shelter of Adrian's arm, she was sorry for the lives that were wrecked, and broken, and forgotten.

"Look!" he said quickly, as the road wound along the hillside, and a steep bank, crowned with leafless thorns, and brown, stunted oaks, rose on the right, "this is where I said good-bye to you, Barbara, and you never knew it!"

"Never!" she cried. "No, I thought you had gone away, and hadn't cared to say good-bye."

"Well, you were kinder to me than you knew. You left me a bunch of red berries lying in the road."

"Ah, but if I had known you were there!"

"Why," said Adrian, "you wouldn't have left me anything at all. You would have died first! You know you would! It was better as it was."

"Perhaps," she allowed.

"Anyhow, it is best as it is," said he conclusively, and to that she agreed; but her smile was followed by a quick little sigh.

"What does that mean?" he demanded tenderly.

"Nothing," she said, "nothing, *really*."

It was nothing. Only, absorbed in picturing Adrian's mute farewell, she had passed the place where she first saw Reynold Harding, and had not spared him one thought as she went by. And she was never coming to Mitchelhurst again.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
MARK PATTISON.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE appreciation, almost amounting to reverence, with which Pattison was regarded by a small circle of disciples and friends has never perhaps been quite understood by the general public. The extent and quality of his fame during the last ten or fifteen years were indeed very remarkable considering his secluded habits, his reserved manners, and infrequent appearance as an author. It was almost universally felt that the rector was an uncommon and original man; that he was not a copyist or echo of any individual or coterie, and that when he delivered a judgment no one gained by neglecting to attend to it. But the grounds of this authority and weight have not often been set forth, either before or since his death. Obviously his grave is yet too green for any attempt to exhibit fully the manner of man we have lost, least of all should I be capable of such a task. Though I knew him for nearly thirty years, it was with no intimacy. But I have followed his course with due and reverent attention, and may perhaps make partially visible the rare qualities and wisdom which lie buried in the churchyard at Harrogate.

Pattison's originality consisted in his living and flourishing in England and Oxford in the nineteenth century. A life devoted to learning in a country given over to practice, and in a university consecrated to cram, was original to the verge of eccentricity. His love of learning must have been robust indeed to withstand the manifold sinister influences to which it was exposed during a half-century's residence in Oriel and Lincoln. "The tyranny of the examination system has destroyed all desire to learn. All the aspirations of a liberal curiosity, all disinterested desire for self-improvement, is crushed before the one sentiment which now animates the honor-student to stand high in the class list."\* The system had been at least as injurious to the tutors and fellows as to the undergraduates. "The teacher must be master in the faculty. Our weakness of late years has been that we have not felt this; we have known no higher level of knowledge than so much as sufficed for teaching. Hence education among us has sunk into a trade, and, like trading sophists, we have not cared to keep on hand a larger stock than we could dispose of in the season."† This grave

\* Academical Organization, p. 244.

† Ibid.



charge, conveyed in general terms, was grounded on particular instances only too well known to Pattison. When he wrote it, he could not fail to have in his mind the case of a quite famous tutor in his time, who was supposed to have done great things for his college by his lectures on the ethics. When this learned person, who had been promoted to a headship, died, curiosity was felt as to his library. It was discovered to consist of a few dozen ordinary schoolbooks, which had proved to be an ample stock of literature for his purposes. It was among men of this stamp, to whom he was a wonder and an enigma, that Pattison grew and gratified his thirst for knowledge. It amounted, indeed, to a passion. Bacon himself was not filled with a warmer zeal for the advancement of learning than the rector of Lincoln. It was the mainspring of his existence and the chief motive of all he wrote. And it was a perfectly disinterested and unselfish zeal. He had no cause to defend, no favorite theory which he wished to establish, which will often make a man toil unceasingly. He had little inventive generalizing power, and was rather the enemy than the friend of "systems" and "philosophies" which pretend to completeness and finality — unduly so, perhaps. His one preoccupation was to obtain an ever fresh current of truth, of vital knowledge, flowing in and vivifying every channel and department of national life. He believed in knowledge as a physician believes in ozone. It was the only real cure, he thought, for our superstitions, party spirit, stupidities, and vices. Hence "the professor of a modern university ought primarily to regard himself as a learner, and a teacher only secondarily."\* "No teacher, who is a teacher only, and not also himself a daily student, who does not speak from the love and faith of a habitual intuition, can be competent to treat any of the higher parts of any moral or speculative science."† "The moment the doctrine has stiffened in the teacher's mind into a dogma, *i.e.*, when it has lost its connection with the facts it represents, it has become unfit for the purposes of teaching."‡ This paramount "love and faith" in knowledge dictated and governed all his mental affinities and sympathies. He was a true Liberal, because he knew what ruin despotic government could bring upon all independent thought and study. He was no democrat, because he

was aware how democracy, in its present stage at least, from no ill-will, perhaps, but out of sheer ignorance, is apt to scorn and destroy a science of which it cannot see the use and meaning. Indeed all enemies of learning were his enemies. The disgust with which the modern passion for athletics at Oxford filled him was almost comic. "Can parents and schoolmasters possibly go on any longer pretending to think that cricket, boating, and athletics, as now conducted, are only recreations? . . . They have ceased to be amusements, they are organized into a system of serious occupation. . . . As soon as the summer sets in the colleges are disorganized — study, even the pretence of it, is at an end. Play is thenceforward the only thought. They are playing all day, or preparing for it, or refreshing themselves after their fatigues. There is a hot breakfast and lounge from nine to ten; this is called training. At twelve the drag which is to carry them out to the cricket-ground begins its rounds, and the work of the day is over."\* This *cri du cœur* came from no morose, sedentary student, who could not appreciate the value and pleasure of exercise in a due proportion. The rector was fond of riding and fishing, and up till last year a player of lawn tennis; but when exercise became a rival to study he had no patience with it.

However, his feelings to all the above enumerated enemies of knowledge, despots, mobs, or cricketers, were mild and lukewarm compared to those excited in his bosom by the clerical or ecclesiastical enemy. The rector could not be called an aggressive man in any relation of life. Some might be tempted to regard him as timid; but with reference to ecclesiastical oppression, especially when it was directed to the suppression of knowledge and fettering of thought, he was able only to maintain an outward calmness; within he was filled with a noble rage, "the free-man's indignation at clerical domination" which he recognized in Milton. Nothing irritated him more than the notion that "any system which proposes to provide *a priori* conclusions in any branch of knowledge relating to nature, man, or society," could have any pretensions to deal with the higher education or philosophy. He was in consequence quite free of that spurious liberalism which has nothing but soft and gracious words for the deadly enemies of all liberality and freedom, the

\* Academical Organization, p. 164.

† *Ibid.*, p. 165.

‡ Oxford Studies, p. 258.

\* Academical Organization, p. 316.

high Catholic party, past or present. "Catholic schools there may be; but a Catholic university there cannot be. Catholic education may be excellent in respect of all the accomplishments, and may embrace many important branches of useful knowledge. It cannot really embrace science and philosophy. They appear before the public as teaching science and philosophy; but it is a sham science and a mockery of philosophy. Propositions in science and philosophy may be inculcated in their classes—possibly true propositions. But the learning of true propositions, dogmatically delivered, is not science. Science is the method of scientific investigation, which is one and the same in respect of all phenomena. The Catholic authorities, therefore, demand a separate university, not that they may conduct education in it, but that they may stop education at a certain stage." \* Again, in his life of Casaubon, speaking of the Jesuits, he says: "Learned their works are entitled to be called by courtesy, for they have all the attributes of learning but one—one, to want which, leaves all learning but a tinkling cymbal—and that is the love of truth. The Jesuit scholars introduced into philological research the temper of unveracity which had been from of old the literary habit of their Church. An interested motive lurks beneath each word; the motive of Church patriotism. Jesuit learning is sham learning, got up with great ingenuity in imitation of the genuine in the service of the Church" (p. 521). Similar passages abound in his writings, showing how warm his feeling was on this subject.

It was so warm that one would like to trace its origin, if one could do so without indiscretion, or prematurely encroaching on the province of his future biographer.

Pattison, in his early Oxford days, was an adherent of the Tractarian movement, and a disciple of its great leader, J. H. Newman. It was surely wholly to his credit that he could not come within the range of the magic charm and spiritual attraction of the English Bossuet without succumbing to them. The Oxford movement itself, just about the time he went into residence, had acquired such volume and momentum that only those who were well ballasted with dulness and ignorance, found it easy to keep their feet. Pattison's vivid curiosity and openness of mind would especially expose him to the fascination of the incomparable preacher, the

scholar, the divine, and the master of every note and harmony in the English language. It is natural to suppose also that the brother of Sister Dora, at twenty-five, was not insensible to the seductions of the spiritual life. In any case, like Chillingworth, Bayle and Gibbon before him, he yielded to the combination of logic and sentiment which makes the strength of Church principles. Every one has heard the story how he was only prevented by an accident from following his chief into the Catholic Church. Where is the wonder? Doubtless he had often read and weighed the words of the "Imitation:" "Quiet that excessive desire for knowledge, because it brings with it much distraction and delusion: There are many things the knowledge of which is of little or no use to the soul, and he is extremely foolish who turns his attention to such things, rather than to those which would be conducive to his salvation." Momentous words, if any such were ever written, which have probably turned away millions from the pursuit of knowledge to the pursuit of holiness. They point the difficulty and sum up the question which sooner or later every healthy and vigorous mind asks itself in one form or another: "What shall I do to be saved? Should heaven be my hope and aim, or such earthly knowledge as may make this world a better and kindlier dwelling-place for me and my fellow-creatures?" On that Monday, February 23rd, 1846, when Newman left Oxford "for good," and Pattison with others came to see the last of him, we may suppose these questions pressed with a painful urgency for an answer. He stood at the parting of the ways. The omnibus which neglected to call, the cab hastily summoned which reached the station after the train had gone, the rainy night which followed and induced him to dine in hall and postpone his journey, the unavoidable delays which succeeded may have kept him lingering at the bifurcation just long enough to renew doubts and hesitations which could hardly have been wholly wanting from the first. He was Newman's junior by thirteen years, and at this moment was only thirty-three years old, whereas his leader was forty-six. The intellectual current in Europe and England, outside Oxford, was set in very different directions from that which had prevailed fifteen or twenty years before, when the Tractarians had settled their first principles of inquiry, if they had not drawn all their conclusions from them. Cardinal Newman, in his "Apologia,"

\* Academical Organization, p. 301.

says, referring to the years 1825-26: "A certain disdain for antiquity had been growing on me for several years. It showed itself in some flippant language against the fathers in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, about whom I knew little at the time except what I had learnt as a boy from Joseph Milner. In writing of the Scripture miracles I had read Middleton on the 'Miracles of the Early Church,' and had imbibed a portion of his spirit. The truth is I was beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral; I was drifting in the direction of literalism. I was rudely awakened from my dream at the end of 1827 by two great blows — illness and bereavement." At that date a deeply religious mind could still hark back with honor into the sanctuary of faith, especially in England. Twenty years later such a retreat had become vastly more difficult, perhaps not to be executed even by the great Tractarian himself if he had had Pattison's comparative youth.

Looked at from any point of view, it was a narrow escape. It would have been a heavy price to pay for moral excellence to have to swallow the miracles of the early Church without a qualm; and yet this is what Pattison had been very nearly binding himself to do. When the immediate danger was over, and he saw himself still safe in Lincoln, *not* "gone over to Rome," we can imagine he experienced a great revulsion of feelings. Rapidly growing knowledge, acquaintance with the results of German research on this very subject of the early Church, must have opened his eyes with no small amazement to the risks he had run. Coleridge used to speak of his having skirted the "howling deserts of infidelity" with a shudder. To such a mind as Pattison's, the recollection that he had nearly plunged into the howling deserts of superstition, must have been even more disturbing. The memory of the shock and its occasion was never effaced, and I trace to it that deep and fervent love of knowledge, as the one safeguard against errors and evils equally disastrous to individuals and nations, which never left him but with his last breath.

One would gladly follow the steps by which he passed through this momentous change, and trace the curve which led him half round the circle to a position diametrically opposite to that which he had previously occupied. At present the materials are wanting or inaccessible. The autobiography on which he is known

to have been recently engaged, and his letters which still exist, may be expected to throw light on this interesting topic. This much is already clear, that when he once began to move away from Church principles he moved rapidly. His evidence before the University Commission showed that he had cast in his lot with "things of the mind." In the next fifteen years his most important, if not his most engrossing work, was his sustained effort to bring about a thorough reform of the higher education in Oxford; or rather to create that education which could not then be said to exist. Besides his evidence before the Commission, his article on "Oxford Studies," in the first number of the *Oxford Essays* (1855), ultimately followed by his masterly work, "Suggestions on Academical Organization" (1868), are a noble monument of his patient zeal in the cause which he had most at heart. The last-named must, I think, be considered by far his greatest work. Its title is unattractive to the general reader, and its arrangement in many respects faulty. But it is in fact a profound essay on the philosophy of education and the advancement of learning. The thoroughness and grasp with which the intellectual side of the problem is discussed are even surpassed in value by the fervent love of all good knowledge which glows like a deep central fire in the heart of the writer and in his book. Tractates on education have been common enough from the time of Milton downwards; but they have been mostly concerned with the education of the individual, and the perennial bone of contention, whether it is better to teach classics or science. Pattison takes up the question in its loftiest and widest aspect, as one involving national well-being, and even something beyond that, the progress and evolution of the human mind. Unless provision is made for a constant supply of the highest culture of which the present state of knowledge admits, unless that knowledge in every department is ever being renovated and vivified by new additions won by unfettered inquiry and research in all directions, the national intellect must inevitably droop and wither like an underfed organism deprived of its proper nutriment. He disclaimed all wish for partial reforms of detail; his object was nothing less than "a change in the aims and objects of Oxford." "Let Oxford once more resume its higher functions, let it become the home of science and the representative of the best learning of the time." The degradation of the

university to the position of a mere class-school, solely occupied with teaching and testing by examination crammed pupils, lay like a burden on his mind. No one valued good teaching more than he; but he thought it preposterous that vast funds, noble endowments, and princely libraries should have no other object or destination than the driving at high pressure of a number of youths through the "schools," without a thought or an effort devoted to the cultivation and extension of knowledge by mature men. The difficulties in his path were immense. To say nothing of the dead weight of ignorance and conservatism constitutionally opposed to change, the very idea of what a university should be had faded from the popular mind. As he said, people cannot be expected to appreciate the value of an institution, an example of which they have never seen. The first thing, therefore, was to create the idea of an efficient university, to show how far we were from possessing one, and how great and wasteful was the loss of the means and resources at our disposal. And the loss was voluntary and self-inflicted. It was "artificial legislation" which crippled Oxford. As a faulty system of taxation and tariffs may ruin a country's natural growth in wealth, so the spontaneous increase of knowledge may be checked by unwise statutes and hampering regulations. Without any statutes at all Oxford would never have come to the pass she had. But that enviable freedom was impossible by reason of the endowments, the distribution of which must necessarily be regulated by fixed law. Any change involved a new distribution of the fund, and that was to let out the waters of strife. If you want good teachers and learned men for professors, Pattison said, you must make learning a profession. The present system of tutor-fellows which makes teaching a mere transition to a college living, to the bar, or journalism, is hopeless; able men will not undertake it on such terms. The sordid creatures actually expect to be modestly paid for the hardest of all work, the pursuit of science. Here was an opportunity for obstruction. The British Philistine can endure a great deal, but the endowment of research, the paying of a number of comfortable gentlemen to sit and read, perhaps dose over their books, appears to him at once comic and immoral; he really cannot away with it. However, Pattison never lost heart, never ceased holding up his ideal of what a university should be, viz., a metropolis of

learning in which would be collected and grouped into their various faculties the best scholars and *savants* the country could produce, all working with generous emulation to increase the merit and renown of their chairs, lecturing to crowds of bright-eyed youths fired with an unselfish love of knowledge, not like our poor slaves at the "schools," fearful to look at any subject of real interest to them, lest they should damage their chances of "a first," but eager for culture for culture's sake, and well aware of its exceeding great reward. If England ever does obtain such a university, it will be in no small measure to Pattison that she will owe it.

As an author Pattison has not made the impression which his great powers and unusual attainments might have been expected to produce. He had, indeed, within him so many impediments to large and successful authorship that the wonder is not that he wrote so little as that he wrote as much as he did. First of all he was a victim of curiosity, of his wide and sleepless interest in all manner of subjects about which he cared and read simply for themselves, without any after thought of working up his reading into a salable literary form. With a tithe of his acquisitions an expert young penman would have produced shelves of smooth, readable volumes, and gained a reputation in letters, as reputations now go. He had none of the business author about him, who has one eye for his subject, and the other—the wider open of the two—on the market value of his wares in publishers' offices. He valued knowledge too highly to make a trade of it, even if paid only in fame. In the next place he was fastidious to a fault; his taste was superior to his power of production. He was too severe a critic of his own writings. Then, his scrupulous conscientiousness was extreme, and he never felt sufficiently prepared for a literary work. Nothing could be more deplorable than that he should have allowed himself to be prevented from prosecuting his projected work on Scaliger because Jacob Bernays anticipated him by a small though excellent opuscle. But the truth is, that bold and vigorous as he was in speculation, he was seriously wanting in nerve and audacity in all practical matters. He could plan and prepare on the largest scale, but settling about the execution of a work was often more than he could face. I remember the strange anxieties which troubled him when he was meditating one of his



books, and his difficulty in deciding on the proper style for a narrative. He told me he had come to the conclusion that the clear, unfigured style of Thiers was the best model to adopt. At that time he was himself a literary veteran, and one might have supposed long past such doubts and difficulties. This want of self-reliance was more painfully apparent in common action with other men. No one who wished to keep intact his just reverence for the rector should have consented to sit with him on a committee. He seemed abashed, not only by opposition, but by the bare possibility of it. I have had the honor — I should, perhaps, rather say the misfortune, considering that the result was injurious to my regard for him — to sit with him on various committees, and I never heard him make a suggestion, positive or negative, of the slightest practical value, and others, with larger experience than mine, have told me the same thing. It must be admitted that this was a grave defect. Valuable as his influence was in Oxford and elsewhere, it would have been increased tenfold had he possessed only ordinary determination and resoluteness when in contact with others.

And yet with all these drawbacks he has produced valuable works which the world would be unwise to neglect. This is not an occasion to speak of them in detail. They all bear on the one theme on which his whole heart was set — the praise and commendation of learning. No one need fear that in reading the slightest thing of Pattison's he will waste his time. He never wrote because he had to say something, but always because he had something to say. It is much to be wished that his numerous anonymous essays scattered through old reviews were collected and published in a uniform edition of his works. The bulk would not be large, some four volumes, say; but the matter would be weighty and worthy of many perusals. *Pondere non numero* is a maxim especially applicable to all he wrote. The masculine style, so full of meaning that few have leisure to notice its Spartan disdain of ornament, one sees would not be eloquent for worlds. But under its reserve and sobriety of diction a force is concealed and effects are produced which the masters of bravura rhetoric may well envy. And the grave irony and chastened humor, never acrid or excessive, but just adding a flavor, the squeeze of lemon at the right moment, which gives that air of distinction and refinement to his writings, will assuredly not be over-

looked by connoisseurs. All lovers of literature must wish that his works should be collected and published. One can only regret that he did not do it himself. But one of his weaknesses was a difficulty in believing that the world or anybody could really care for him or his doings. He would pain old and tried friends by expressions of surprise at their attachment. He could not be brought to believe how many loved and regarded him. On one occasion, when I was speaking of the mistakes we are apt to commit in estimating our importance in the world, he answered with his characteristic emphatic "Yes! Take your worst opinion of yourself when you are in most depressed mood. Extract the cube root of that and you will be getting near the common opinion of your merits." In this he was most unjust to himself. No one had a more prompt and generous admiration of what he considered good work: no one to the last was more open to new personal impressions and to recognize promise of youth. He was free of the grudging spirit, not uncommon in old age, which refuses to believe in the possibility of merit younger than itself. "*C'est un grand signe de médiocrité de louer toujours modérément,*" says Vauvenargues. Pattison did not fall under this blight; it was a pleasure to him to admire, and to admire warmly.

And so the long-expected end has come at last, after a painful and protracted waiting for the final summons. One need not be in a particularly "wan and heartless mood," to fall into a pensive vein of regret over the unequal law which disposes of accumulated wealth and accumulated knowledge. The industrious man who has collected his heap of gold can leave it to whom he will. The scholar cannot bequeath his store to the most loved disciple. The rector is dead, and all the garnered store of a lifetime has vanished with him. We are all the poorer by his loss. Many like myself can say, "*Anget maestitiam amici erepti,*" that his mind never seemed more luminous, his memory more prompt, his insight more penetrating, than in these latter days. On the 18th May I saw him for the last time. The massive brow, the eagle eye, the fine but powerful nose, were hardly changed, though he was wasted to a shadow. Above all, that incomparable voice which seemed to reproduce the richer tones of the cello, was still there undecayed. It seemed that with a mind so bright he could not be meant for death. But so it was.

JAS. COTTER MORISON.



From The Contemporary Review.  
MECHANICAL MODES OF WORSHIP.

AMONG the various tendencies to which the human mind seems prone in all ends of the earth, there is one which above all others crops up universally, repeating itself under various names, but all practically amounting to the same thing—namely, allowing acts of religion, once instinct with life, to degenerate into a formal, heartless routine—a business of which a certain amount has to be got through in the most rapid and perfunctory way possible.

While recently looking over the ecclesiastical regulations for sundry mediæval houses of charity, I was struck by the stipulations regarding acts of merit, daily worship, and prayers for the souls of the founder and other benefactors—which prayers began, continued, and ended solely in the repetition of a given number of Aves and Paternosters, to be recited at each of the canonical hours, amounting in the aggregate to an unconscionable number, and constituting a truly wearisome exercise of vain repetition. I could not but think, as I read this tale of lip service, how little it differed practically from the oft-reiterated "six-syllabled charm," the utterance of which, at least three hundred thousand times in the course of his life, is the highest aspiration of every devout Buddhist in northern Asia.

The words of this mystic charm, as uttered in Thibet, are *Om Mani Padme Houn*, which may be roughly interpreted as an ascription of praise to "the most glorious Jewel, the Lotus. Amen." That is to say, *Om* is the Buddhist equivalent of the Hebrew JAH, the most solemn title of the Almighty; *Mani*, the Jewel, and *Padme*, the Lotus, are also two of Buddha's titles of honor, and *Houn* is an asseveration equivalent to Amen, So be it. The words are engraved a thousand times in a thousand places in Thibet—on the walls of the temples and monasteries, on the face of the rocks, on the great stone terraces built solely for their accommodation. They are rudely carved on thousands of rough slabs of stone, and are in heaps piled beside the paths which lead over high mountain passes. They are embossed in metal, they are written on interminable strips of parchment.

But at some remote period, the Buddhists of China and of Japan seem to have discovered that even this short act of worship was of unnecessary length, so they substituted the mere reiteration of the Sanscrit name of the Buddha for whose

coming they now look, *Amitabha Buddha*. But somehow the original form of the invocation has been lost by priests and people, to whom Sanscrit is an unknown dead language. So the unvarying refrain of all Buddhist worship in Japan is *Namu Amida Butsu*, which is rendered "Save us, O Buddha!" while in China, where Buddha is transformed into Fu or Fo, the millions of Fo-ists repeat the name *O-mi-to-fu* in endless chorus. As they go about their daily work the words are forever on their lips. Many of the priests shut themselves up in their temples for long periods of weeks or months, with no other occupation than that of ceaselessly reiterating these saving words, day and night. Sometimes I have met parties of quaint shaven nuns bound for some pilgrimage; they would talk to my companions on secular matters, but between each sentence came a low murmur, *O-mi-to-fu! O-mi-to-fu!* and then as they passed on their way, we could see their lips still moving as they murmured the oft-told name.

The devout and the aged carry strings of beads—true rosaries, on which to keep count of their reiterations—a very remarkable feature for the faiths of the East and West to have alike adopted, for precisely the same purpose. This widespread tendency to the telling of beads is certainly one of the strangest developments of devotion. We are apt to consider such vain repetitions as peculiar to the Church of Rome, whereas not only do some four hundred and fifty million Buddhists find solace therein, but also a vast multitude of Hindoos and Mahomedans.

Concerning the origin of the use of the rosary in Christendom, Dr. Rock tells us that in early days, the truly devout were in the habit of reciting the whole Psalter daily. But as a hundred and fifty psalms were certainly rather a lengthy recitation, it became customary to substitute short prayers, which might be uttered rapidly amid the stir and business of life, without requiring undivided attention. Hence, a hundred and fifty short Aves, varied by ten intervening Paternosters, and five Doxologies, thus dividing the whole into fifteen decades, came to be accounted as meritorious as the repetition of the Psalter.

But as the omission of any of the number would have been esteemed sinful, and the calculation was apt to be inexact, some mechanical aid was desirable, and various expedients were devised. Thus Palladius records of the abbot Paul, who made a point of repeating the Paternoster three

hundred times daily, that he kept count of his progress by the aid of a number of small pebbles, which he dropped into his lap one by one, till the tale was told. Then the simpler method of counting on a string of beads worn round the neck was suggested, and soon found favor with the devout.

The division of the rosary into the fifteen decades of small beads for the Ave Maria, with a large intervening bead for the Paternoster, is generally ascribed to St. Dominic (born in Old Castile, A.D. 1170), but there is little doubt that this use of beads was common in Spain before his time, and that it had been borrowed by the Spanish Catholics from the Mahomedan dervishes who accompanied the Moors on their invasion of Spain in A.D. 711, and who, in common with their Syrian brethren, had adopted it from nations further east.

The ordinary Mahomedan rosary, or *tasbeeh*, numbers ninety-nine beads, often made of sacred earth brought from Mecca, but frequently only of date-stones. Instead of a large bead to mark each tenth, a silken tassel does this duty, and assists the pious Islamite in his repetition of the ninety-nine names of God.

The Mahomedan rosary figures in a very curious ceremony practised on the night immediately following a burial, commonly called "the night of desolation," while the soul is believed still to abide with the body, ere winging its flight to the place of spirits. About fifty devout men assemble to perform an act of merit on behalf of the dead. After reciting certain chapters of the Khoran, they repeat "Allah el Allah!" three thousand times, while one of the party keeps count on a rosary of a thousand beads, each as large as a pigeon's egg. Between each thousand the exhausted worshippers pause to rest and drink coffee. Afterwards, several short prayers are uttered, each being repeated a hundred times. The whole merit of this very severe bodily exercise is formally assigned to the deceased, and on behalf of wealthy men it is sometimes repeated for three nights running—a fact rather suggestive of the pecuniary cost of such services!

How far Christianity has improved on this original may be somewhat a nice question to determine, for in such means of acquiring merit for the dead neither Christians nor Buddhists are lacking, and oft-told rosaries number Christian prayers for the deceased by ten thousand times ten thousand.

That Brahmins and Buddhists should thus keep a numerical tally of their devotions is strange enough, and the adoption of this spiritual treadmill by Mahomedans is still more remarkable (though whoever has heard the frenzied shouts of "Allah el Allah! Allah el Allah!" can never doubt their faith in the efficacy of much speaking). But that a practice so little in accordance with the spirit of Christianity could have been a spontaneous growth in the Christian Church appears quite impossible, so it is only natural to assume that it was imported from some heathen land.

It is believed that this celestial abacus—this method of reckoning with heaven—originated with the Hindoos, who certainly are known to have kept count of their oft-told prayers by means of bead-strings from very early ages; but whether the invention was due to Hindoo Buddhists or Hindoo Brahmins is not known. Probably, however, the former may claim this merit, as they were so long the dominant religionists of India, and, indeed, three centuries before the Christian era they had overspread all Asia, so that traces of their influence and teaching are discernible even where successive waves of differing faiths have overswept the land.

I do not know whether it is obligatory on all Brahmins to use rosaries, or whether this is confined to certain sects, but to this day a vast number carry chaplets of one hundred small and eight large beads, made of sacred wood, and a truly devout man recites the Gâyatri one hundred and eight times at the rising of the sun ere he proceeds to wash and dress his idols. This mystic sentence is a short extract from the Rig Veda—a meditation on the divine glory of the sun-god—and a prayer that the divine giver of light and life may enlighten his understanding.

The rosary commonly used by the worshippers of Vishnu numbers one hundred and eight beads, made of the wood of the sacred tulasi shrub—i.e., basil. These represent the one hundred and eight most sacred titles of Krishna. In the course of the elaborate daily morning ritual, certain formulas of worship are repeated one hundred and eight times, count being kept by the aid of the rosary, which, together with the counting hand, is concealed under a cloth or in a bag (which is called *go-mukhi*). Why this concealment is necessary, does not appear, unless there is some idea of not letting the left hand

know what the right is doing. But it is equally incumbent on the worshippers of Siva, who, while reciting his one thousand and eight names and sacred attributes, keep count of their task on rosaries of thirty-two or sixty-four rough berries of the rudraksha tree,\* which are said to have originally been formed from the tears shed by Siva in passionate anger.

The hideous Saiva Yogis occasionally use grim rosaries made of human teeth gathered from funeral pyres—a more agreeable variety allowed by the Vishnuites being the use of lotus seeds. The various sects have slight differences in this respect. One at least (that of Valabha) bestows the rosary of one hundred and eight tulasi beads on each child, as a token of church membership, when it attains the age of from three to four years, and is capable of repeating the eight-syllabled charm, *Sri-Krishnah sara-nam mama*, which is, being interpreted: "Great Krishna is the refuge of my soul." Another Vishnu-vite sect invests each member with two rosaries, one in honor of Krishna, and the other for the worship of Radha.

The worshippers of the elephant-headed god Ganesa wear rosaries of kamala or lotus seeds, while those of Surya, the sun, prefer small balls of crystal (reminding us that on Japanese Shinto altars the sun-goddess is symbolized by a large crystal ball).

The Japanese Buddhists of the sect of Nicheren also carry rosaries numbering one hundred and eight beads, but these represent one hundred and eight holy persons, four large beads standing for the great saints, while two still larger represent the sun and moon, or the dual principle in nature, while two short pendant strings of five beads apiece recall the ten Buddhist commandments.

Each sect seems to affect a different number of beads and a different arrangement. I have now lying before me rosaries purchased in various parts of China and Japan and all are different. One has two hundred and sixteen wooden beads in sets of twelve, separated by sixteen crystal balls, of diverse colors, and two very large crystals. There are two pendants with six beads on each, and one connecting bead. Another of these Japanese rosaries consists of one hundred and twelve beads divided into two equal parts by two large beads. From one end hang four pendant strings of five beads, at the

other end are two sets of five and one of ten small beads.

Here is a very handsome rosary that belonged to a Canton mandarin. It numbers one hundred and eight beads divided by four large balls of green jade into four divisions of twenty-seven beads. From one end hang four sets of five, from the other two sets of five coral beads. A medallion and a drop of jade complete this rosary.

These Oriental aids to devotion are sometimes of exceeding value, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones being thus utilized by wealthy men. Thus Toderini speaks of "le Tsepil, qui est un chapelet, composé de 99 petites boules d'agate, de jaspe, d'ambre, de corail, ou d'autre matière précieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Terpos, il était de belles et grosses perles parfaites et égales, estimées trente mille piastres."

I cannot lay claim to have seen any so valuable as this, but some of those carried by Japanese ladies of high rank are exceedingly handsome. I remember one in particular, which evidently represented the family diamonds, so rich was it both in material and workmanship. Its owner was on pilgrimage at one of the picturesque Japanese festivals, at a saintly shrine. She seemed gratified at my evident admiration, and handed it to me for closer inspection.

At the ecclesiastical fair connected with that festival, as at most others, I saw many booths exclusively for the sale of rosaries of all qualities, to suit all purses and made of various kinds of wood and stone. Those most in request are made of dark, polished wood, but sandal-wood is sometimes used, the principal beads being of polished agate or crystal. These Buddhists do not tell or count their beads, but rub them between their hands at the time they are reciting their prayers, and then they twist the rosary so as to take the form of a Chinese character which signifies success, and this they reverently kiss. The silken cord on which the beads are strung is sometimes tied so as to assume the same fortunate shape.

With regard to the number of beads on the rosaries in use among various branches of the Christian Church, we have just noticed that the ordinary number is one hundred and fifty beads *plus* fifteen. But I have one of only forty-five beads divided into six sets of seven, and one of three beads, connected by silver medallions of the Crucifixion and of the Blessed Virgin, with inscriptions in Ger-

\* *Elæocarpus Ganitrus*.

man. The Coptic Christians still further curtail their devotions, the Coptic rosary numbering only forty-one beads.

From this widely diffused method of keeping count of lip service, we almost insensibly turn to another simple and ingenious device, likewise invented by the disciples of Buddha for facilitating the labor of acquiring merit either by recitation of the sacred books, or of ceaseless ascriptions of praise — a method whereby the winds of heaven and the streams of earth are enlisted in multiplying a never-ceasing, voiceless *benedicite* — I allude of course to the various developments of the prayer wheel, peculiar to countries where Buddhism prevails, *i.e.*, Japan, China, and Thibet. Whether they exist in Burmah I cannot say, but in Ceylon I have vainly sought for any trace of them, either in ancient cities or modern monasteries.

I first met with them on the borders of Thibet, when travelling the narrow paths which wind along the face of majestic, precipitous Himalayan crags, we met native travellers from still further north — traders driving flocks of laden pack goats, women with quaint headdresses of lumps of amber and large, coarse turquoises fastened on bands of dirty cloth, and here and there a man holding in his hand a small bronze or brass cylinder which he twirled mechanically all the time he was journeying. It was some time before I succeeded in getting hold of one of these for a closer examination, as the owners are nervously afraid to trust their treasures in the hands of one who, albeit in ignorance, might irreverently turn them the wrong way, and so undo much of the merit acquired by perpetual twirling in the opposite direction.

For, as we eventually discovered, not only is the sacred six-syllabled charm embossed on the metal cylinder, but the same mystic words are written over and over again on very lengthy strips of cloth or papyrus, which are wound round the spindle on which the cylinder rotates, and one end of which forms the handle. It is therefore necessary to turn this little barrel of prayers in such a direction that the characters forming the holy phrase may pass in proper order before the person turning, and as all Oriental books are read from the right side of each page to the left, the barrel is turned in the same direction.

For the same reason the Thibetan walks in this direction round the great terraces and other buildings, on which the holy words are inscribed, in order that his eyes

may rest on the words in due course, which can only be the case when he keeps his left hand towards the object round which he is walking. Happily this produces a doubly satisfactory result, for in Eastern lands, as in our own West, it has ever been accounted lucky and meritorious, to walk round sacred objects, or places in this sunwise course — an act of homage to the sun which I have seen rendered in many lands. Just as our British ancestors continued thus to circumambulate their churches long after they had nominally abandoned all paganism, so throughout the world we find survivals of the old homage.

In India where earnest men, zealously working out their own salvation, thus make meritorious circuits round sacred places and cities (as, for instance, the "five-mile circuit" round Benares), they are most rigidly particular as to the direction in which they go, so as always to have their left hand next to the object of honor. But the Japanese, who in matters of religion seem peculiarly careless and easy-going, are by no means so particular; and though the followers of Buddha in all countries accumulate merit by making numerous circuits round relic-shrines and temples, I have observed both in Japan and Ceylon that they seem to go against the sun almost as often as with it. There are certain temples, as for instance at Osaka, round which it is accounted meritorious to walk a hundred times. Each person while performing this action carries in his hand a bunch of one hundred short bits of string, which he tells off one by one, while working out the full number of meritorious turns. (Here we have another form of the rosary!) I believe these circuits ought all to be made sunwise; but I have seen many persons go *ziddershins* without incurring any rebuke from the priests.

The only occasion when I noted that all pilgrims moved with one accord in sunwise order was in making the three-mile circuit round the crater on the summit of Fuji-yama, the holy mountain, a circuit which follows immediately after the litanies to the rising sun, so that the connection in that case is obvious.

But as regards the barrel of praise, or, as it is commonly called "prayer-wheel," I am inclined to believe that its course is decided by the direction of the inscription.

At our farthest camping-ground in the Himalayas we pitched our tents near a Lama temple, of which the principal feature was a colossal prayer-wheel, or rather

barrel, twelve feet high, by about eight in diameter — a gorgeously colored piece of furniture, resplendent in scarlet and gold, draped and wreathed with fragrant blossoms, whose scent, however, was overcome by the foul odor of dirt in the hangings within the fusty temple. In embossed letters on the exterior, and written many thousand times on strips inside the barrel, is the oft-reiterated charm ascribing praise to "the most-glorious Jewel, the Lotus." This is the Co-operative Devotion Store for the neighborhood, and men from distant villages, not provided with such time-saving wheels of devotion, take advantage of a visit to Rarung to work off a few thousand acts of praise on their own behalf and that of their relations. It is rather hard work, as a stiff handle works the great iron crank which causes the cylinder to revolve on its axis. Each revolution is accompanied by the mechanical striking of a most musical bell, which marks how rapidly the store of celestial credit is accumulating.

Should various worshippers arrive simultaneously, then the priest works the crank, that all present may share alike in the merit of the rotations. Such wheels — generally great egg-shaped barrels called *tchu-chor* — are erected as acts of merit in all parts of Thibet, in order that the wayfaring man and the poor, who cannot afford such luxuries as the little pocket-wheels of devotion, may nevertheless have full opportunity of "making their souls," as our Irish friends say. A considerate rich man will erect such a barrel at his own door, that every one entering or going forth may give it a twirl as he passes. And in the Lama monasteries there are rows of such cylinders, small or great, so conveniently poised that the most casual passer-by could scarcely abstain from running his hand along them, and so set them all spinning diligently, weaving a garment of praise for the behoof of him who set them to work.

Only think what a benefit it would be to the annoying little boys in London who will rattle sticks along all the area rails as they run down the street, if only the said rails responded by jotting down in their favor a score of acts of merit!

In the case of the great terraces on which devout persons have laid innumerable stone slabs, each inscribed with the charmed words, merit must be acquired by walking round them in a sunwise circuit. Some of these *muttis*, as they are called, are half a mile in length — one near the town of Leh is a mile long.

They are generally about ten feet in width and the same in height. They are erected at intervals of from two to eight miles along the principal thoroughfares in Thibet, and the road is invariably led on each side of them, so that the traveller may pass them on one side in going, and on the other in returning on his journey.

It is not only on these terraces that the mystic words are engraven. Near the town of Ladakh there are in every direction great cairns of slates and slabs all bearing the same inscription; and in every village and by every roadside it meets the wayfarer, sometimes roughly hewn on the rock, sometimes elaborately carved, sometimes colored in characters varying from a couple of inches to half a yard in height.

But far more ingenious, and, I may say, poetic, is the device which has enlisted the breeze and the stream in the same service. In the latter case the cylinders are placed upright in a shed, or rude temple, built over running water. A spindle, passing through each terminates in a horizontal wheel, with cogs turned diagonally to the water, which, rushing onwards, causes the wheel to rotate, and so turn the cylinders.

The winds of heaven are also enlisted, some cylinders being made to rotate by the action of wings like the fans of a windmill. On these also the sacred words are inscribed. Another variety may be seen at Darjeeling, where there is an important Lama temple and a large prayer-wheel, and where the priests are provided with neat little wheels for private devotion. Here ceaseless ascriptions of praise are offered for the benefit of the dead, and it is especially on their behalf that the breezes are taught to work. The names of the dead and the words of praise are inscribed on flags of great length, and only about four feet in width. These streamers are affixed to lofty poles, and as they flutter in the breeze they are accounted to be offering praise in the name of the dead. Similarly inscribed flags flutter from many a cairn on the lonely mountain passes. Such, too, is the poetic meaning of the little tinkling wind-bells suspended beneath each story of the many-roofed pagodas of China and Japan.

This very curious development of mechanical devotion has at least the merit of being time-honored, since it is known to have been introduced into north-western India about the beginning of the Christian era by the Indo-Scythic princes and



is also mentioned in the travels of the Chinese pilgrim, Fa Hian, who visited Ladak about the year A.D. 400, and there saw this particular form of "the wheel of the law" in full operation.

The wheel, in its simplest form, had long been recognized as a sacred emblem, and appears as *the object of adoration* (sometimes surrounded by ministering angels, sometimes by kneeling figures bringing offerings of garlands), on sculptures in the Sanchi Tope in Bhopal, central India, and the Bilsah Tope, both the work of Buddhists in the first century of our era. Of later date, in the Amravati Tope, the wheel is shown supported by kneeling elephants on the summit of a pillar. Sometimes only a wheel is shown, overshadowed by the mystic umbrella, symbolic of all honor and power.

From time immemorial a revolving wheel of light had been accepted as a symbol of the sun-god — a symbol so widely recognized that we find traces of its survival both in Europe and Asia in the present century. So late as the year 1823 at the Midsummer Eve festival, the villagers of Trier and of Konz on the Moselle celebrated the feast of "the fair and shining wheel" (as the sun is called in the Edda) by carrying a great wheel wrapped in straw to the top of a hill, where it was set on fire, and made to roll down, flaming all the way. In some parts of Scotland, large circular cakes, made very smooth and flat on the edge, like the tire of a wheel, are thus rolled down grassy hills on May Morning — the spring festival of the great wheel of light.

The same symbol is evidently recognized by the hill tribes of eastern India, who at their great spring festival assemble by thousands to take part in a very remarkable dance, in which about four hundred women at a time form themselves into a huge living wheel; about thirty women linked together forming the spokes, which radiate from the centre, or axle of the wheel, where the great men of the tribe sit on a raised stage. The huge living wheel rotates on its own axis, slowly turning sunwise, *i.e.*, from left to right, to the music of a measured chant, while the men dance wildly in a great outer circle, fresh relays continually taking the place of the weary.

A still plainer proof, however, of the recognition of the symbol by the Santhals was their declaring, at the beginning of their rebellion in 1855, that their god had appeared to them *as a flame of fire, in form like the wheel of a bullock-cart.*

These words are exactly descriptive of the halo surrounding the head of the sun-goddess in a Japanese picture by a native artist which I had the good fortune to acquire. Instead of the usual simple halo, rays diverge from her head with such regularity as irresistibly to suggest the spokes of a wheel.

In India, where the sun-god is worshipped under so many names, in different incarnations, sometimes as Krishna, sometimes as Vishnu or Jagannath, the wheel is the emblem which generally crowns the summit of the pyramidal spire of Vishnu's temples; and a similar mystic meaning is said to attach to the numerous great wheels of the Jagannath cars which at midsummer are dragged forth to perform a solemn circuit, symbolizing the course of the heavenly bodies.

The wheel being thus an honorific symbol, we can understand how, according to Buddhist lore, it was foretold at the time of Gautama's birth, that he would become *either a Buddha or a king of the wheel* (Chakkravarta Rajah). He seems to have attained both honors, and by "turning the wheel of the law" — that is, by preaching — he is said to deliver all creatures from the circle (or wheel) of oft repeated births — in other words, transmigration. Hence, as we have seen, the very ancient sculptures make use of a simple wheel as his emblem.

The idea of applying the principle of revolution to simplify religious duties seems to have originated in the feeling that since only the learned could acquire merit by continually reciting portions of Buddha's works, the ignorant and hard-working were rather unfairly weighted in life's heavenward race. Thus it came to be accounted sufficient that a man should turn over each of the numerous rolled manuscripts containing the precious precepts, and considering the multitude of these voluminous writings, the substitution of this simple process must have been very consolatory.

Max Müller has told us how the original documents of the Buddhist canon were first found in the monasteries of Nepaul, and soon afterwards further documents were discovered in Thibet and Mongolia, the Thibetan canon consisting of two collections, together comprising three hundred and thirty-three volumes folio. Another collection of the "Wisdom of Buddha" was brought from Ceylon, covering fourteen thousand palm leaves, and written partly in Singalese and partly in Burmese characters. Nice light reading!

From turning over these manuscripts by hand, to the simple process of arranging them in a huge cylindrical bookcase, and turning that bodily, was a very simple and ingenious transition; and *thus the first circulating library came into existence!*

Somehow, although we hear a good deal about the rotatory prayer-wheels of Tibet, the existence of these Japanese wheels of the law seems to be scarcely recognized; and yet they are, to my mind, one of the most noteworthy features of Buddhism in Japan, *where alone I have met with them.* Having been greatly interested by the "barrels of praise" in the Himalayas, one of my first questions on reaching Japan was, whether anything of the sort was to be found in its Buddhist temples. I was assured by several gentlemen well versed in most matters having reference to native manners and customs that nothing of the sort existed. I was shown temples and tombs innumerable, bewilderingly beautiful in detail, but only partially kept up, many of the minor ecclesiastical buildings of the Buddhist shrines being suffered to fall into disrepair, since the government of Japan has declared in favor of the Shinto religion (which includes worship of the Mikado's ancestors), and has confiscated so large a proportion of the Buddhist revenues.

Determined to examine for myself, so far as might be possible, I quietly went about, peeping into these neglected chapels and out-houses, where the richly gilt and colored carvings are buried in dust and cobwebs. My quest was very soon rewarded. One of the earliest and most characteristic sights to be visited by every new arrival in the town of Tokio is the great popular temple at Asakusa, to me a most fascinating spot, and one to which I returned again and again with ever new interest. Among the many attractions, all within the temple grounds, stands a very handsome five-storied pagoda, painted deep red, and with picturesque projecting roofs. That naturally drew me thither.

Very near this tall, quaint building stands a small, neglected temple, with nothing externally attractive to invite the inspection of a foreigner; and as the door is generally locked, no one, so far as I could learn, had ever had the curiosity to enter, and the windows are so closely barred that little can be discerned by peering through them. That little, however, proved to me that this small temple had been built solely to contain one large object, so strongly suggestive of the Thi-

betan prayer-wheel that I felt convinced I had found the object of my search. After considerable delay, a very courteous young priest procured the key, opened the great door and revealed a most beautiful specimen of the scripture-wheel, about ten feet in diameter and twelve in height, of the richest scarlet and gold and black lacquer. The actual cylinder is encompassed with tall, slender pillars, supporting a beautiful wide canopy of lacquer; while the base rests on a stone pedestal of carved lotus leaves — the invariable symbol round the throne of Buddha — the Jewel on the Lotus. This cylinder is, I think, hexagonal, and the handsome panels form six doors for the different compartments of this ecclesiastical bookcase, wherein rolled scrolls are arranged in upright order. These treasures are kept securely locked, which, however, nowise lessens the merit acquired by the devout, who (by the aid of spikes projecting from the base, as from a capstan) cause the heavy machine to revolve, sunwise, on its own axis.

Afterwards I spent several days in this small temple, to secure a careful drawing of an object at once so curious and so beautiful. While I was at work various Japanese came in, chiefly to see what I was doing; several gave the wheel a turn, apparently as an excuse for having come in, but evidently without one grain of religious feeling connected with it. Even the priests seemed anxious that I should understand it was only a curious relic of an obsolete superstition. In fact, of all whom I saw approach the wheel, here or elsewhere in Japan, I only noticed one who appeared to be in earnest, and he was so, in very truth — working out a solemn task with resolute purpose — a weary man and heavy laden, for he carried a heavy burden fastened on his shoulders, and was too much absorbed to remember to lay it down.

Having found one scripture-wheel, I was naturally on the lookout for others, and so explored many temples not often visited by foreigners. One of these, near the Saido Bashi, attracted me by the beauty of its shady, pleasant grounds. The whole place was neglected and dilapidated, only one poor old priest being left in charge of a temple whose congregation had all vanished. Here in a small out-lying chapel I found a second large scripture-wheel.

A third, and very handsome wheel, resembling in general form the first I had seen, occupies a small temple in the beautiful grounds of the temple of Ikegam;

which stands on a wooded hill a few miles from the city of Tokio, very easy of access. It was here that the Japanese lady showed me her beautiful rosary, when she came to worship at the tomb of the sainted Nicheren. But neither she nor any of the other pilgrims seemed to give a thought to the fine scripture-wheel, which evidently had been an object of such reverence to her ancestors. Though very handsome in its simplicity, this wheel is not gorgeously lacquered, but of plain, uncolored wood, and its sacred books are in the form of stitched pamphlets, arranged in a multitude of small drawers.

I found another very handsome circulating library in the grounds of Fuji Sawa temple, near the holy isle of Enoshima. This is a popular temple, which, like that of Asakusa, is crowded with worshippers. But the great wheel (which as usual, occupies a chapel apart) was utterly neglected, except by such Japanese as came to watch me drawing. For several days I occupied a charming tea-house overlooking these temple grounds, but I never saw any one approach the wheel.

Again, in reading the translation of an old native account of the magnificent ceremonies formerly enacted at the great festivals at beautiful Nikko (where the loveliest imperial tombs and temples are cradled in the most exquisite scenery), I came on a startling statement concerning how many thousand times the assembled priests had recited the whole Buddhist canon in the course of the festival. This statement seemed to be accepted as a poetic fiction, but in the light of the helpful wheel it seemed to me all plain. I eagerly looked out for the aid to the task of vain repetitions, and sure enough, *there was the wheel!* a most gorgeous piece of lacquer work in richest colors, resting on a stone pedestal of lotus leaves, and containing the sacred books in the form of upright scrolls.

In this same court there is a very handsome large bronze lantern in an outer case of bronze, in general form resembling a scripture-wheel; it stands beneath stately Cryptomeria trees, and is protected by a light, ornamental roof supported by pillars. This also revolves on its own axis, and many of the pilgrims give it a sunwise turn, though without any affectation of reverence.

Passing on to Osaka, I noticed large scripture-wheels at several temples, amongst others, at the beautiful eastern and western Hongangi temples, and also beside the five-storied pagoda of Tenoji,

the roofs of which are supported by innumerable carved dragons' heads.

On the gateway of the last-named temple, and also at the Temple of the Moon, on the summit of a mountain near Kobe, I saw several small metal wheels let into the portal as if inviting all comers to give them a twirl. At Ishiyamadera on Lake Biwa, I saw similar little wheels inserted into the wooden pillars of the temple. These wheels are from one to two feet in diameter, and commonly have only three spokes, so that they are suggestive of a Manx penny with the three legs. On each spoke there are several loose rings of metal which jingle as the wheel revolves, and so call the attention of the celestial powers to the worshippers, whose merit depends on the number of the wheel's revolutions. Each wheel bears an inscription in the Sanscrit character. No less than sixteen of these wheels adorn the gateway of the cemetery at Hakodate, and those who enter give them all a turn.

At the temple of Midera on Lake Biwa, I found a very large octagonal wheel, with fifty-one small drawers in each of the eight sides. This was the only barrel I saw of this particular form. At beautiful Kyôto, the ancient capital of the empire, I found another slight variation. Both at the great Hongangi and the Choin temples I found minor temples containing splendid wheels of most gorgeously colored lacquer, resting, not on the usual stone lotus-blossom throne, but on a broad base, decorated with images of sundry saints. These barrels are also divided into a multitude of small drawers, but instead of being ticketed with names of the Buddhist canon, they are inscribed as "water," "fortune," "fire," and such like.

Of course this list might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but my object was attained when the existence of the wheel in Japan was fully proven. Singularly enough, in, I think, every case, the images of a Chinese saint, seated, and two attendants standing, occupy a post of honor near the wheel. These represent Fu Daishi (*i.e.*, the priest Fu) and his two sons, Fu Sho and Fu Ken (Fu of the right and of the left). He is said to have been the inventor of the revolving library, but as he lived about A.D. 500, and Fa Hien records having seen praise-wheels at Ladak in A.D. 400, that honor is liable to dispute.

But the invariable presence of the Chinese saint makes it a matter of wonder that in China itself the prayer or scripture barrels have apparently died out (if any-

thing ever does die out in China!). Certainly I explored an incalculable number of temples in many Chinese cities without seeing a sign of anything of the sort till I reached Peking, and there, by the merest chance, discovered two revolving barrels in the great Lama temple (which is inhabited by thirteen hundred Buddhist monks of a very unpleasant type — both dirty and arrogant, and intensely jealous of admitting foreigners). However, as their "living Buddha" was a grateful patient of my companion, we did contrive to obtain admission, and were allowed to ascend to a gallery on a level with the head of a gigantic image of Buddha. Finding that this gallery extended to right and left, I ventured to explore, and found on either side a circular building, containing a huge barrel, containing neither prayers nor scriptures, but a multitude of niches, each containing an image. So here was an easy method of worshipping all the gods of China — or, more probably, of doing homage to all the Buddhist saints — simultaneously, by simply giving them all a twirl.

A few days later, I discovered among the ruins of the emperor's summer palace a small group of what must have been beautiful temples. Vast mounds of broken fragments of brilliantly colored tiles tell of the departed glory, and here and there a fine pagoda of porcelain has survived the general destruction. One such seemed the centre of what was doubtless the imperial private chapel. On either side of it were circular buildings, containing the ruins of cylinders, which evidently had been miniatures of those in the grand Lama temple; but, of course, not an image has escaped the hands of successive relic-hunters.

I am inclined to believe that a similarly concentrated act of homage to all saints, was accomplished by striking certain gigantic bronze temple-bells, whereon are embossed the images of Buddha's five hundred disciples. I saw a particularly fine specimen of such a bell at an old temple in Ningpo. Each of the five hundred figures is in a different attitude, and the whole is a triumph of casting. I saw other bells thus adorned, with long passages from the sacred books.

Before concluding these notes on mechanical worship, I must mention a Jewish custom which appears somewhat akin to those we have been considering. Bernard Picart, writing about Jews, in 1733, says: "At the doors of their houses, chambers, and all places of public resort, they fix up

against the wall, at the right hand of the entrance, a hollow reed, or other pipe, containing a parchment, on which are inscribed the words from Deuteronomy vi. 4-9, concluding with, 'Thou shalt write them (*i.e.*, the words which I command thee) upon the posts of thy house and on thy gates.' And also Deut. xi. 18-20, concluding with the same words. And at the bottom, through a small opening, is visible the Hebrew word, Shaddai, which is one of the names of God, and whenever the Jews come in or go out they touch this place very devoutly, then kiss the fingers which touched it. This is called the *mezuzah*, or doorpost."

On inquiry, I learn that this practice continues unchanged at the present day, though a narrow, upright tin box is a convenient modern substitute for the hollow reed. It is placed high on the right doorpost, in a slanting position, and the inscription consists of twenty-two lines, which must be accurately written, without any correction. The person entering the house or room touches the sacred name with his right hand, and then, kissing his hand, says: "The Almighty preserve me, deliver me, help me from all evil and distress." The *mezuzah*, the phylactery, and the fringes on the shawls worn by Jews in the synagogue are declared by Jewish tradition to be a threefold cord which preserves men from sin.

And now, for lack of a better British illustration of the subject, let me tell you how a worthy old Scotch minister applied the "turning the wheel of the law" to his own preaching. He had a large collection of old manuscript sermons, which he stored in a cask. Every time he had occasion to preach, he avoided the responsibility of exercising *human* judgment in his selection, by giving the cask a twirl, and whichever sermon first slipped out was deemed the Heaven-selected discourse most appropriate to the occasion!

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

From The Sunday Magazine.  
AT ANY COST.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

OLD-FASHIONED WAYS.

THERE had been a light fall of snow during the forenoon of Christmas eve,

and when Tom Ollison met Robert Sinclair on the platform of the little Surrey railway station, and turned with him down the road towards the village of Stockley, he seemed to himself to have arrived in fairyland. He did not know what to admire most, the broad, smooth roads, with liberal grass borders, flanked by beechen hedges whose red winter leaves fairly glowed in the last warm rays of the setting sun, or the thickets of trees, the evergreen wealth of giant pines and stately firs serving to bring out the delicate tracery of the bare boughs of oak and elm, or again, the houses—dotted here and there, some small, some roomy, a few new, but mostly old, all with their thatched eaves or red tiles and the indescribable hues of moss and creeper—only adding to the charm of the landscape while giving it human interest. Tom could not find fitting words for his admiration, nor for the thoughts it awoke in him, though perhaps their drift may be gathered from his first exclamation.

"I wonder how the people who are born here can ever bear to go away!"

"I don't know about that!" said Robert, "for, of course, I wasn't born here. But I know I should be glad enough to get away. It isn't a place to get on in!"

"Everybody seems very comfortable and well off," remarked Tom, glancing to the right and to the left, at the cottages they were passing, whose muslin-curtained windows and trim interiors, as visible through casually open doors, represented to him the utmost of prettiness and comfort.

"Ah, but you don't know how little many of these people have to live on; not more than they get with us in Shetland—ay, less, for there's nothing here to bring in luck, as the fishings sometimes do," persisted Robert.

"They have very pretty houses," said Tom; "and what a beautiful country it is!" he added, throwing a wider glance around, over the stubble fields and quiet woodlands, to the horizon of low hills, purple against the evening sky, wherein the bright vermilion was fast fading into cool yellow light, softening off through fairy green into placid grey.

"One can't live on beauty," returned Robert oracularly. "But the people here have no ambition; they only want things to be as they have always been. Many of the families have lived in the same places, following the same callings, for many generations. It's not at all uncommon."

"Well, I don't see any particular advantage in change—unless it is change for the better," said Tom.

"Mr. Black is only the second of that name at the mill," went on Robert; "but that's only because his father married into it. His mother was an Alwin, and the Alwins have been the millers at Stockley since the year one. It's a Saxon name, they say. I suppose the first Alwin came over in one of the early invasions, and planted himself down within as short a walk of the seacoast as he could. It's a wonder he had the enterprise to get to England at all."

"I don't know that a man need lack enterprise, because when he comes to a place which he likes he has the good sense to stop there," observed Tom.

"Well, I am sure Mr. Black hasn't any enterprise," Robert replied in an aggrieved tone, as if Tom was defending somebody who had injured him. "He says he doesn't see what a man wants with more money than is enough to live on himself, and to leave his place open and in order for those who are to come after him."

Tom thought over this statement in silence. It seemed to him a very reasonable one, almost like the discovery of a first principle of true ambition. But it occurred to him presently that it might be made so subtly to change and enlarge itself as soon to lose all its original meaning. "What is enough for a man to live on?" is a question which cannot be answered except one knows what a man means by "life;" whether he requires only to support his body, as many are driven to do, or also to nourish his mind and develop his moral nature, which is the true thrift for nations and individuals; or, on the other hand, to stunt and starve his morale and mind, and to pamper his appetite, which work of explosive destruction can never be done to perfection without the expenditure of a large fortune. Does a man want to "live" in affluence and beneficence on his paternal farm, or to "see life" in metropolitan boulevards and Continental spas? Tom Ollison knew little of these things, but great questions condense themselves for simple minds—and he remembered that he had heard his father say that little Clegga Farm was prosperously upheld on a less income than served to maintain a certain half-pay captain and his wife, who lived in furnished rooms in Lerwick, drank the best brandy, and paid enormous usury on money borrowed to clear off the farther end of a tail



of debt which their career dragged after it. So Tom could see clearly that this declaration that a man wants only enough to live on, at once involves the inquiry, "How does a man mean to live?"

"I shall get away from here as soon as I can get a chance," decided Robert.

"I would not be in too great a hurry," said Tom; "one never sees the best of anything at first."

"Oh, don't you think so?" asked Robert. "I do. Novelty itself is always a charm."

Tom was silent. For at that moment, despite his appreciation of the rich beauty around, his heart craved for the open sea, and the bare rocks of Scantness. And it seemed to him to have been almost like treachery to those old haunts to have said that surely those born among such loveliness as this would never care to leave it. Ah, those wild and sterile places, like strong and stormy characters, often win the most clinging love, only made the more tender because it deprecates the neglect or contempt of an unappreciative world! Tom waited for the pang to pass, and then said humbly, —

"I always think we like things better as we grow used to them. One works best with tools to which one is accustomed."

"I don't want to grow used to Stockley," returned Robert. "Perhaps I might get mossed over like the rest of the Stockleyites, if I stayed long enough — though I scarcely think so. But that is precisely what I don't mean to do. There will be plenty ready to jump into my shoes here, but I shan't mind that, if I get a chance of giving them up of my own accord. The old folks have got no children, and I have an idea that I might step into the mill in time, if I chose. But what is it worth, if I do? If I can't do a great deal better than that, well, I don't think much of myself, that's all."

"Where is the house where your mother was born?" asked Tom.

"Oh, it is none of these," Robert answered hastily. "It is at the other end of the village. We shan't pass it."

Its tiny proportions did not suit his pride. He wished it had been left in his imagination, and determined to leave it in Tom's. It would be time enough to be frank about the poverty and lowliness of one's family when they would serve only as foils to one's own riches and grandeur. They might tell against one before.

To the end of his life, Tom Ollison never forgot the scene which lay before

him, as they turned a corner of the road and came round upon Stockley Mill. The business premises, a picturesque conglomeration of brown timber, grey stone, and red brickwork, with a background of tall pines, stood on that side of the mill-stream which was accessible from the highroad. Across the stream was thrown a wooden bridge, wide enough for a chaise, or similar modest vehicle, but which had evidently been constructed with little view to any carriage traffic whatever. On that side of the water there was only a foot-way, flanked by the beechen hedge which Tom had seen everywhere in the neighborhood, and which besides contributing the beauty of its exquisite color to the sombre winter landscape, served by its quality of retaining its withered leaves until its spring glory was grown, as a perennial screen to the garden behind it. It was only as the lads advanced across the bridge, that a gateway set in the hedge opposite it gave a view of the miller's habitation — a long, low house, so green with ivy that for the first moment the unaccustomed Tom could not be quite sure where the walls ended and the shrubberies began. The last light of the setting sun was strong upon the mill, but the home was in deep shadow outside, for within a glowing fire was evidently newly stirred, and quaint shadows could be seen waving up and down the parlor wall.

Robert opened the gate and let Tom pass in. The garden was in its winter undress, yet Tom made a quick note of its sleek lawn, its numerous flower-beds, its ancient dial, and its thatched summer-house. But the gate had clanged behind them and given warning of their approach, so before he had time to utter one note of admiration, a tall female figure enveloped in a scarlet shawl appeared in the porch and claimed all his attention. He did not need to be told she was Mrs. Black. There is something very amiss in the hospitality of any house, whose mistress needs an introduction in that character.

Had Tom himself been an old friend of the family, he could not have found a more hearty welcome. Robert secretly thought that the Blacks must be very desirous of making themselves agreeable to him, to be so zealously friendly to his visitor; perhaps they thought he was not very highly satisfied with his position — indeed he had given them some reason to think so. Little could he dream that while he and Tom were absent from the parlor, during the early hours of Tom's visit, Mrs. Black had said to her husband, —

"What a fine open face the youth has! I wish we had got this one instead of the other for our inmate."

Whereupon Mr. Black had replied, with that resignation of nature for which Robert contemned him, —

"We must take things as they are sent to us. You get number one before you get number two, you know, Bessie."

"You get number one very much indeed when you get Robert Sinclair," the wife had answered, with her clear, merry laugh.

"What a woman you are, with your quick likes and dislikes!" said her husband, looking at her fondly. "If our own children were with us, I believe you'd have your favorites."

A swift shadow passed over Mrs. Black's bright face. Three little ones had lain in the cradle in that nest of a home, only to be carried out and planted in God's acre. And Mrs. Black's delicate conscience always smote her that one of these had been mourned beyond the others. Neighbors would have said that she had been stricken almost into her own grave by grief for each fading babe. But she herself knew that there was a difference: that she had never known the bitterness of death till she saw her one boy in his coffin. People had said to her since, that it might be as well when the only son was taken; she might have spoiled him in her loving pride; but she knew better, she could have allowed herself to be very angry with him, she was sure. She might rather have spoiled the girls, feeling that their brother had de-raided them of a bit of their mother's heart. Her husband's chance words smote a tender place.

"Well," she said, "I do wish I liked that Robert Sinclair better, and then I'd give him many a good lecture. He's had a right to two or three already. There's no knowing how much good they might have done him. Everybody has a right to all his rights."

The bountiful table to which Tom found himself invited seemed a type of things in general at Stockley. Its viands were not rich or rare, they were only abundant and perfect in their kind; and Tom could not help casting admiring eyes on the silvery damask, to which an occasional dainty darn only gave the dignity of antiquity. He saw that the heavy old cut glass was brought forth from closets crammed with the same. The low brown walls of the parlor were well-nigh covered with dim engravings, at many of which collectors

would have looked with some interest. If there were a few family portraits in oil which were not altogether works of art or beauty, at least they made manifest that the past generations of Blacks and Alwins had been well-fed, well-clad, kindly-faced people. \* There were corner cupboards with quaintly framed glass doors, and other cupboards set into the wall with no doors at all, on whose shelves were stored quantities of old china arranged with less reference to prettiness, interest, or value than to personal associations, delicate Oriental bowls alternating with coarse English pottery. In sundry corners there were little tables, covered with hyacinth bulbs and fragile ferns, which "the mistress" was fostering. In one window stood a cage with canaries, and in the other one with doves. On the hearthrug was a beautiful beagle, watching with pathetic eyes over two roly-poly pups. From a shady corner in the little entry came a weird laugh, which made Tom look around startled, to the general amusement. The laugh came from a roomy wooden cage, whose inhabitant, a waggish-looking starling, charmed with his success at directing attention to himself, gladly repeated his performance.

The table was attended by a comely damsel, who looked the more like a garden flower that her gown was green and her cap ribbons pink. From time to time she whispered announcements to her mistress, to which Mrs. Black evidently responded as soon as the meal was over, by gathering her shawl about her and leaving the apartment. Her husband explained that "the mistress had gone to see after her Christmas gifts—the folk wouldn't take it kindly if she didn't give them a word as well." Presently the scuffle of departing footsteps and a few muffled, but cheery, whispers announced that the recipients were going away well pleased. Mrs. Black came back with the light of the smiles and thanks she had evoked shining in her own face.

"There never was such a place for gifts as Stockley," remarked Robert. "I do believe so much giving has pauperized the people."

"It is not giving that makes paupers," said Mrs. Black quickly. "It is giving without personal acquaintance and liking which does that. Gifts come quite natural between friends, be they rich or poor. Why should it pauperize Goody Blake if I give her a shawl and a pound of tea any more than it would pauperize you, Robert, if I gave you a book?"

She stopped abruptly. She saw that the merry twinkle in her husband's eye was asking whether there would be much personal liking on her side in any gift she might bestow on Robert.

"I don't think it is good for people to be so much taken care of," said the youth. "It would be better for them to take care of themselves. I believe in self help."

"For babies?" questioned Mrs. Black. "Nearly every one of us is in some respects a baby as compared with somebody else. When Martha or me want to move the big chests on the landings, we shouldn't like it much if Stack said he believed in self-help, and left us to take care of ourselves."

Martha was the comely servant and Stack was the stout miller's man.

"Stack is paid to work, and it is his interest to do whatever you ask him," said Robert Sinclair. "But I don't believe in the kind of spirit there is down here, everywhere. What is the good of the cottagers having votes? They all vote with the squire—their votes are only so many more for him."

"Well," returned Mrs. Black, "they know the squire, and they know he's a just man and a perfect gentleman, and they reckon, rightly enough, that he knows more of Parliament business and Parliament men than they do, and they'd rather follow him than go astray. They know the squire's advice is good on matters they do understand, so why shouldn't they take it where they are not quite so clear? I know the squire has never asked a vote."

"He needn't ask them, ma'am," said Robert with a superior smile. "He knows he has them without offering that handle to his adversaries. It's a terrible power for a man to have."

"It's a good power in a good man's hands," persisted Mrs. Black, whose husband watched the argument with contented pleasure; "and the minute it gets into a bad man's hands it begins to shake. A bad man can't influence people without words and threats, or bribes, and then that which is best in people goes against him, and only the weak and mean are on his side. I know power does not go from rulers the moment they begin to misuse it, but it begins to go then, though it may seem to increase. Moths don't destroy a good garment in a week, but they make sure work of it."

"It seems ridiculous to me to see grown-up people made babies of," said Robert. "Think, Tom, the squire's sis-

ter thought the snowy lanes would look prettier with some bright colors moving about. So last year, on New Year's Day, she gave all her pensioners, the old women and the little girls, scarlet cloaks. I think that was rather too much, even for their meekness. They wear them as little as they can. The boys call the girls 'Madam's robin red-backs.'"

Mrs. Black laughed. "Well," she said, "I wouldn't have done just so. I'd have given something plain and useful, and would have put the colored cloth into the clothing club, to be bought out, and would have worn something scarlet myself to set the fashion. But the squire's sister means well. There's no denying the red is pretty in winter time." She twitched her own shawl. "I got this to keep the dear old goodies in countenance," she explained to Tom, "and now I would not exchange it for any duller color. I told them all that if they'd heeded their Bibles they needn't have waited for the squire's sister to teach them what the wise woman knew in Solomon's time."

"It seems to me there is a great deal too much of the squire's sister and the squire," said Robert. The Blacks had apparently encouraged him to speak his mind freely, and he saw no reason to suppress his adverse opinions. "Nobody can build a house without the squire seeing the plans."

"That ended in keeping a second public house with a strange master out of Stockley," put in Mrs. Black. "The Old Red Lion is quite enough for the place, and its host knows his guests, and begins his wisdom where theirs leaves off."

"It's a terrible power for one man to have," persisted Robert. Tom Ollison gave his head an inscrutable little shake. Mr. Black spoke at last, and what he said was,—

"You can't get power better placed than with a good man. You may make the best o' laws, and the best o' organizations; but it all comes down to the man at last. If he's good, they'll do, and if he ain't, they won't. And if he's good and they're bad, they won't matter much; and if he's bad and they're good, they won't be much account."

"Then what's to be done if the man is bad?" said Robert.

Mr. Black gave a quiet chuckle. "We must take care that he isn't," he answered. "Each man has got to look after one man, and that's himself."

"That's exactly what I say!" exclaimed Robert, while Tom remembered that cyn-

ical utterance of Mr. Sandison's which had so puzzled him on his arrival in Penman Row.

"Take care you're not misunderstood, John," warned Mrs. Black.

"Each man has got to look after his own duties and other folk's rights," said the good miller, "and after he's done that, honest, for a little while, he'll find the two fit like hand and glove. And now hark to the waits! I've heard 'em every Christmas eve o' my life. We stick to the old hymns o' these festivals, though we try a new one sometimes, in the choir o' Sundays. There's a time for bringing in new things, and a time for keeping up old ones; and I remember a verse my father used to repeat:—

Let us see the old faces  
Beam in the old places,  
Let us taste the old dishes  
And wish the old wishes,  
Let us sing the old songs  
And forget the old wrongs,  
Let us toast the old glories  
And tell the old stories,

For half o' the pleasure o' all Christmas days  
Is in regular keeping to good old ways!"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### A QUEER MAN.

TOM OLLISON found his two days' visit to Stockley Mill all too short for the wonders and delights of the quiet, deeply stored, old-world life, which seemed to him rather fresh than new, because he had known it before in story and poem. He seemed almost to have lived before through that Christmas morn, when the household from the mill walked over the snow, gleaming in the sunshine, to the little, ivy-covered church. Surely the rich glow of the old painted windows was not something he had never seen before! And the voices of the choir and the school-children singing, "O come, all ye faithful," came to him like an echo from a dream. And when the simple service was over, and after the silent prayer which follows the benediction, as the little congregation stood up in obedience to the squire as he passed down the aisle, Robert Sinclair kept his seat, but Tom Ollison stood up with the rest, and did not feel the less, but the more of a man for doing so. For the stately, white-haired old gentleman was clearly "a father in Israel," an aristocrat, "one of the best," as the dictionaries tell us. And as Tom glanced round the crowd, where the very poorest looked comfortable and well-cared for, and

as he thought of the scores of happy homes outside, he reflected that much that he saw must be due to the just and gentle rule of the Manor House, and that a reverent and kindly courtesy was as due from these people to this worthy successor of worthy sires as it is from children to a parent, and that any guest should join in the good customs of a community, as he would in those of a household.

The squire had nods and smiles for all around, but he also had friendly words for the aged, the infirm, and the widow, and little caresses for the widow's children, which left something solid in the little hands after he had drawn his own away.

"The worst of it is, that the squire hasn't a son to come after him," Mrs. Black had told Tom, as they walked home. "When he dies the estate will go to a distant kinsman, whom none of us know. When the squire was young he fell in love with a poor earl's daughter, and she liked him, and her folks were pleased, knowing his family was older than hers, and thinking that Stockley Hall would be an honorable, quiet down-sitting for her. But she'd lived on the edge of the Court, poor thing, and had got a hankering after the extravagance and gaiety she couldn't rightly share in, because the earl was so short o' money. And there came by a rich iron-master—it was just when railroads were doing their best or their worst in the country—who could have bought up Stockley with little more than one year's income. And the iron-master fancied her ladyship, and she threw over the squire, and took him. And the squire never looked at anybody in that way since. I've heard say that some have asked him whether it wasn't the duty of one in his place to marry and keep up the old line; but that he made answer, that was the squire's duty, but the man's duty came first, and that was to marry no woman unless he loved her."

"I only wonder he'd ever cared for such as that lady must have been," rejoined Tom, the rash and inexperienced. "She must have been a mean, low-minded sort."

Mrs. Black gave a superior smile. "Ah! there's mysteries in falling in love," she said. "Them that has done it wisest will always tell you that it wasn't of their own guidance. It all comes from above. 'A prudent wife is from the Lord'—his best blessing to a man. But his next best is to keep away an imprudent one, and that's what a vain, foolish woman always is."

"But this lady seemed to know how to look after money," said Tom, "and 'prudence' sounds as if it meant that."

Mrs. Black laughed. "That's what the parson said one Sunday," she replied. "He said exactly that—that people thought prudence meant looking after money; and that their idea of looking after money was getting it to spend on one's self, or to keep to please one's self. 'Whereas,' said parson, 'prudence means providence, or foreseeing, looking after the real things that we really want—love, and wisdom, and true comfort, and trying to secure them for as many as we can.' I've always remembered what parson said about that, because I'd been feeling after it in my own mind, and it was like suddenly hearing a tune that has been running in one's head, but that one couldn't quite catch."

"It's the sight o' parson and o' his own ways that's kept me in mind o' those words," said Mr. Black. "When you've got a pretty picture it's well to have a sound wall to hang it on. There's the parsonage, young gentleman," and the good miller pointed to a long, low cottage standing in a bowery garden, not unlike his own home at the mill. "If you want to know what is in a shilling, and what can be made to come out of a shilling, don't go to the poorest folk i' Stockley; go there."

Tom eagerly drank in all the homely wisdom. The good seed fell on ground prepared for it. Now everybody should be always prepared to sow, because nobody knows where good ground may be. Sometimes there are a few inches of it in the midst of a morass or in the cleft of a rock. But God's field of the world needs all sorts of agricultural labor besides sowing. It has ground which must be broken up by steady discipline, ground which must be manured by heavy experiences, ground which must be altered by the bitter chemistry of loss and remorse.

Robert Sinclair walked beside the Blacks, and hearing them "go off," as he put it to himself, "into their usual chatter," relapsed into a train of thought of his own—a calculation as to the sum which would be produced by a certain rate of interest on a certain sum of money in a given term of years.

Let not those who speak wisely lay too much unction to their souls! If they do see of the fruit of their lips, let them remember that there must have been as much wisdom in the ears that heard as in the tongue which uttered. "As an ear-

ring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reprove upon an obedient ear." But if the earring falls into the gutter, it will only be trodden under foot.

And then the pleasant visit was over. Mrs. Black herself stepped down to the railway station with Robert Sinclair to see the young guest away. Stockley people were never afraid of seeming too civil or too kind. And just at the last minute Stack the miller's man appeared, carrying a big hamper to be stowed under Tom's seat in the train, Mrs. Black vouchsafing no explanation except that "nobody should ever come into the country without carrying a bit of it back to the town." And Tom was whirled off, nodding back to her waving handkerchief; and somehow father and Clegga Farm did not seem quite so far away, now he had made friends with these kind people nearer at hand.

Very dark and dismal looked the London streets as Tom wended his way through them towards Penman Row. And yet, so inscrutable is the human heart, Tom felt that this temporary going away from it had made the dull old house there seem more homelike. It had certainly flashed into Tom's mind, when Robert expressed his determination to leave the mill, that this might give him a chance of quitting the gloomy shop and its not very congenial labors, and of taking Robert's vacated place. But the thought had only come to be dismissed. Peter Sandison was his father's friend, who had made generous terms with him for his father's sake. And Peter Sandison looked at him with sad eyes. And it was said that Peter Sandison did not believe in God! Strange reasons these for loyalty and love! But then loyalty and love so often grow best from no reason—which means generally but reason too deep for words, or even for defined thought.

Our lives are never fairly poised or truly rich, unless there is something outside our own orbit which we can love and enjoy without coveting to possess. What would the earth be without the sunbeams? But what would happen to the earth if it at once rushed off to join the sun? Tom felt that Penman Row should be cheerful enough when one's work was there, and while one had memories of Clegga and thoughts of Stockley to carry with one into it. The gloom and the perpetually shifting crowd of strange faces had already ceased to oppress the soul of this son of the rocks and the sea. They began to stimulate his imagination, suggesting to him that human life could



overmatch nature in every mood and aspect.

Mr. Sandison met Tom with a smile and a kindly word. He looked happier than he had done on Christmas eve, so that Tom hoped that he had enjoyed himself after his own fashion. It was not for the youth to guess or to fathom that the dreariness of his master's lonely wandering among the holiday crowds, his aimless watching of happy groups, had merely ended in a sad thankfulness that another Christmas of his allotted number had gone by.

Early in his dismal Christmas stroll, Mr. Sandison had come in front of an open door, over which was painted, "Refuge for destitute strangers." Saying to himself that the omission of the descriptive adjective would have spared paint, politeness, and pain, he yet went in, half out of curiosity, and half out of a strange yearning both towards those who needed such help and those who rendered it. A Christmas breakfast had been given, and when Mr. Sandison entered between the delivery of little addresses, ladies and gentlemen were moving to and fro amid the pathetic crowd. The bookseller quietly ranged himself among the battered women and broken men, who were accepting precept and exhortation with all the meekness with which the defeated are expected to take whatever the victors give. His own shabby, carelessly used coat easily seemed the threadbare garment of a decent poverty, and there was scarcely a visage there more rugged and worn than his. A dressy little woman, wearing more ornaments and falderals about her than she could have decently sported in a drawing-room, and flaunting them in the face of those monuments of human misery, "because the poor don't like you to come among them shabby, you know," fussed up to the new arrival. She had whispered to a friend that this looked "an interesting case," one of the sort that might figure in a paragraph on "university men to be found in the kitchens of common lodging-houses." Her little figure stood beside Mr. Sandison's gaunt dignity, like a gaily painted shanty under the grey wall of a noble ruin. She gave a perky little cough, and opened her mission.

"Is it not very nice for you to have a room like this to come to?" she said. "Don't you think it is very kind of all these dear people to leave their own beautiful homes to come here to welcome you just like friends? Is it not something to be very thankful for?"

"Madam," replied Mr. Sandison with a melancholy humor, "in my old-fashioned school of manners, the guests gave the hosts voluntary thanks: the hosts did not suggest them. But it is some years since I have mingled in any society, and ways seem changed."

The lady did not quite understand him. She only knew that she did not get the gush of gratitude which she expected, and she was in a measure disconcerted. "I'm afraid you have not had a very happy life, poor man," she remarked, and there was at least as much blame as pity in her tone.

"Madam, I am quite sure of that," said Mr. Sandison.

"Is not that partly your own fault?" she inquired. "Do you love God? If you love him you must be happy."

"I want to find somebody who believes in him," answered Mr. Sandison. "How can we love whom we do not know?"

The lady thought she had got into an incident after her own heart. She fussed all over. She seemed no longer one woman, but rather twenty crowding round him.

"My dear man," she cried, "surely you have found what you seek! We all believe in God here. Is not our love for our poor and afflicted brothers and sisters the best proof of our faith?"

Mr. Sandison pointed grimly to the words above the door. "Is that what you call your brothers and sisters?" he asked. "How can they be destitute if all your hearts are really full of love for them? Take out that word—that adjective, which must be bitterest to bear where it is truest. And what do you know of me which gives you any right to think that you can exhort me? I am older than you by many years. You see that I am sad and careworn; you think me poor. All these points, madam, should on the face of them rather invite you to ask to learn of me. You simply feel that you must be wiser than me because you believe yourself to be more fortunate and richer. Madam, was Jesus Christ himself fortunate and rich? If you saw him to-day you would not call him Master, you would call him a destitute stranger, and ask him to thank you for amusing yourself with feeding him and preaching to him."

The lady shrank back. Her small face grew pale. As Peter Sandison turned and strode from the room, she whispered, "One of those dreadful socialists, I do believe. You cannot think what awful things he said! He spoke quite coarsely.

The more we do for these people, the more they hate us. The world is growing very wicked."

But when, after all was over, a paper was found in the plate in the lobby, on which was written, "To be used for the refuge of my brothers and sisters whose names I do not know," and in which were folded two sovereigns, then the lady remembered that a certain radical and "peculiar" viscount was addicted to frequenting such assemblies in disguise. "Dear man," she sighed, "he would be such a gain if we could bring him round altogether to our side — to the right side. He spoke so cleverly. I saw at once that there was something most remarkable about him. Those people cannot disguise themselves, do what they may. A practised eye sees a subtle something!"

What would she have done had she known that this was no viscount, no out-at-elbows university man, not even an interesting and picturesque criminal, but just plain Peter Sandison, bookseller, of Penman Row!

Later on, during Christmas Day, he had strayed into a church, and had sat down in a corner where the dust was thick upon the cushions, and damp and mildew had seized on the prayer-books with names of dead people, and dates of forgotten anniversaries on their discolored fly-leaves. Peter Sandison had smiled a weird smile when the preacher, a mild young man newly ordained, after dwelling on the blessings given to most at this season richly to enjoy, had gone on to speak of "resignation," and to suggest cheer for those whose joys were of the things gone past: "Let them still thank God for those joys," he had said; "let them be content to wait without them for a while, measuring by their sweetest memory the joys which hope has in store." And Mr. Sandison had wandered out again — there had been no word for him. He did not know that he had been disappointed: he would have denied that he expected anything.

When Tom came back from Stockley he carried his hamper into the parlor, and asked Grace's aid in unfastening it. The master seemed to suspect what was going forward, for he came in too.

"Won't you invite me to see your gifts, Ollison?" he said.

"I didn't think of troubling you, sir," Tom answered delighted.

"What's the good of stuffing a basket with rubbish like this?" observed Grace, lifting out first some small holly boughs,

rich with berries. But Mr. Sandison lifted them tenderly, as if he wouldn't knock off a berry for the world, and — smelled them.

"La! don't you know they haven't no scent?" snapped Grace.

"They have a country freshness," said Mr. Sandison gravely, knowing that only Tom would hear his words.

"That's more like the thing," Grace went on, lifting out a plump pullet. "And here's eggs; and here's apples; and here's a pot of jelly. These folks are a-making up to you for something, Master Tom."

"They are such good people," remarked Tom to his master, unheeding the old woman's words, "and Stockley is such a pretty place — oh! beautiful, one can scarcely believe in it."

"Don't you wish that you and your Shetland comrade could exchange?" asked Mr. Sandison coolly.

"No," said Tom, as honestly as stoutly, "I like sticking to my own lot."

"But if Stockley had been your lot you wouldn't have wished to exchange it," persisted the bookseller.

"No, sir, I shouldn't," Tom answered, "and I'd have stayed at Clegga if I could — but I half think I'm glad I couldn't; I'd never have known the best of Clegga if I hadn't come away."

Mr. Sandison laughed, and then sighed.

Grace came back from storing the good things in her pantry. She now carried a parcel in her hand, and as she came in, Mr. Sandison rose and went out of the parlor into the shop.

"I'm going to show you the grand present I got this time," said the old woman. "It came just as you went away." She spread out a thick grey shawl, fine in texture, and delicate in hue. "You see there's somebody feels I'm worthy a good present," she went on, "though I believe the master thinks they must be fools for their pains, for he'll hardly throw a look at it. But it's odd how everything gets taken advantage of, and put to bad purposes in this world. Of course it has got talked about, how I've had these beautiful things sent to me by somebody unbeknown. Indeed, I've told many of the young hussies round that it was a good lesson to them, that if they did their duty it would get recognized somehow. An' now them worthless Shands, in Penman Court, are making believe that the like has happened to them! Set them up! I can see through it!"

Grace was folding up her shawl with elaborate care while she talked.

"They just wanted some Christmas feasting," she proceeded. "And what with their perpetual poor mouth about misfortunes, and their debts, and so forth, they thought it would not do to get some above board. Indeed, I don't know how they could get it honest — and lies come in particularly handy to hide worse things!"

"What can be worse than a lie?" asked Tom. But of course Grace did not hear.

"So they gave out that on Christmas eve there was a ring at their bell, and when they went to the door, there was a basket there, with all sorts of good things in it — a turkey, and a plum pudding, and six mince pies — and what do ye think? (that's the way liars always overdo it!) a bottle of rich gravy to be heated and served with the bird! 'There, that'll do,' said I, when Mrs. Shand showed me that, 'Gratitude,' says I, 'ought to be enough to season charity, without gravy,' and on she went holding up a beautiful bag of ready-made stuffing as well. It made me sick to see her, it really did! As if anybody would go giving turkeys and gravy to poor miserable objects that haven't, and never could have, no right to such things."

As Tom went off to his bed that night, he could not help wondering who it was that so faithfully remembered Grace, and what she could have done to win their affection and respect. And then he remembered that God, who cares for everybody, reaches each by some human hand, though it may give but a chill and a clumsy touch. "We look at God through those who love us," he said to himself. "I always see him behind father, as it were. I wonder whether anybody will ever be able to see him behind me?"

From The Month.

#### GLOVES.\*

SOME of us may perchance have amused ourselves, while sauntering about the villages in the neighborhood of Worcester — the principal glove-manufacturing town in England — by watching the women at their cottage doors plying their task as glove-sewers, sometimes with and sometimes without the aid of machinery; we may have inquired as to the amount of time required to finish a pair, and ex-

pressed our surprise as to the smallness of the sum an industrious worker can earn per diem by stitching or sewing for Messrs. Dent and Allcroft, whose agents bring the cut-out gloves to the villagers, and fetch them away when made up. And here — unless we care for statistics as to the numbers of pairs of gloves exported and imported during the course of the year, and when the introduction of free trade put an end to the privileges and monopolies of the glovers' corporations — our interest in gloves seems to be at an end, since, in the present day and in their present form, they are nothing more than a simple article of dress — one, too, which is more a superfluity than an absolute necessity — and there seems to be little meaning or interest attaching to them, still less any romance or sentiment.

But let us look back into the past, and we shall see gloves in a very different light. They will be found to occupy a prominent place in the pages of the poet and historian, in the records of the antiquarian and archaeologist. The jewelled gloves of monarchs and other persons of rank are exhibited in museums, and carefully preserved in private collections. The mailed gloves of the Black Prince hang above his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral, and the recumbent figures of kings and prelates wear gloves upon the hands which are folded in death. It is only quite recently that throwing down the gauntlet has been abolished from our coronation ceremony, and a relic of the past still lingers in the custom of presenting white gloves to a judge when the absence of crime renders his presence at the assizes unnecessary. This now most common article of every-day wear was once expressive of facts and feelings; it was employed as an authorization and a warranty; a pledge of security or a token of affection; a symbol of defiance or a sign of amity.

The great antiquity of the *tegumenta manuum* is beyond dispute; their use probably originated in the necessity of protecting the hands from the inclemency of the weather, and from injury when handling rough substances. Witness the rude gloves of walrus-skin made by the Eskimos as an indispensable part of their uncouth habiliments, and the hedging and harvesting gloves used by agricultural laborers in the present day, as well as the long hawking-gloves worn by our ancestors to prevent the sharp talons of the falcons they carried on their wrist from penetrating the flesh. Homer, in the

\* *Gloves: their Annals and Associations.* By S. W. Beck, F.H.R.S. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., 32 Paternoster Row. 1883.

Odyssey, describes Laertes as wearing "gloves against the thorn," and Xenophon animadverts upon the luxury of the Persians, in that they were not content with covering their heads, their bodies, and their feet, but must needs clothe their hands also. Gloves were certainly well known among the Romans. Pliny the Younger, in the account of his uncle's visit to Vesuvius, mentions that the amanuensis accompanying him wore gloves upon his hands in winter, lest the severity of the cold should prevent him from making use of his writing implements.\* But the chief gloves in use among the ancients seem to have been those of the pugilist, which are mentioned in the Iliad, when great Tydides,

Warmed with the hopes of conquest for his friend,  
 Officious with the cincture girds him round,  
 And on his wrists the gloves of death are bound.

They are also frequently referred to in the Æneid. No athlete ventures to

Round his hands the gauntlets tie,  
 as a sign that he will enter the lists with Dares the Trojan, and when Entellus at last comes forward, it is said,

Then on the ground, in open view,  
 Two gloves of giant weight he threw.

The gauntlets used in these deadly combats were probably formed of leather weighted with lead or iron, something like the iron gloves of the armor-clad warriors of the days of hand-to-hand fighting, which were covered with scales or plates of iron, with knobs or spikes attached to do more injury.

But gloves soon grew to be a mark of refinement and a means of display, for we find them worn equally in hot climates, and by those who, far from engaging in hard work, lived in the lap of luxury, and wore long sleeves, which if drawn over the hands would have afforded all the protection necessary. As the ancient severity of manners declined amongst the Romans the use of gloves increased, and the philosophers of the day directed against them some of the invectives they hurled against the corruption of the times. Under the emperors gloves were made with fingers, and called *digitalia*, in contradistinction to the *chirotheca*, which were then made more in the shape of a mitten. Undoubtedly this latter was the original form, and the mitten remained an article of common,

practical use, while gloves became things of ornament or ceremony. This accounts for the name of the foxglove, *little folks'*, or *fairies'* glove, for although utterly unlike the ordinary glove, it will, when held upside down, be seen to resemble a mitten exactly in shape. The Romans very probably introduced gloves into this country, at any rate they formed part of the Anglo-Saxon's dress, being mentioned in an Anglo-Saxon romance respecting Beowulf, written in the seventh century; and in the commercial regulations made by Ethelred the Unready, five pairs of gloves are a portion of the duty to be paid by some German merchants. In paintings and drawings, too, dating from the tenth to the twelfth centuries, some of the figures are represented with gloved hands, although the capacious sleeve worn at that period rendered any such covering unnecessary. Towards the close of the eighth century we find it recorded that Charlemagne granted to the monks of a certain monastery the right to kill deer, and employ the skins of the animals to make gloves, girdles, and covers for their books, although sheepskin was the material prescribed for the gloves monks were allowed to wear in winter for the sake of warmth. No one was, however, permitted to appear in choir to say the office with any kind of glove or muff, as the following regulation shows: *Chirothecas non ferant cum superpelliceo*.\*

The gloves which form part of the episcopal vestments were formerly made of white linen, to denote the purity of the hands they covered. Durandas, writing in 1287, remarks that the *chirotheca* were of a white material, because a bishop should be stainless, and we read in Pugin's "Eccl. Glossary" that the gloves on the hands of Pope Boniface the Eighth at the time of his interment were of white silk, beautifully worked and ornamented with pearls. Bishops' gloves are now of a lavender tint, and fringed with gold. In the *Ordo Romanus* a prayer is appointed to be said when the bishop puts on the gloves,† and in ancient missals collects to the same effect are given for the use of a bishop when vesting for mass. Professor Hefele supposes that the *ἐπιμανικία* of the Greek and Russian priests, which extend from the wrist to the elbow, bear some relation to the *chirotheca* of the Catholic

\* Synod Nucerin, 1656.

† "Immensam clementiam tuam rogamus, omnipotens et piissime Deus, ut manus istius famuli tui patris nostri sicut externis obducuntur manicis istis sic internis purgentur rore tuæ benedictionis."

\* Pliny, Ep. iii. 5.

bishop. The gloves worn by William of Wykeham are still preserved at New College, Oxford, and specimens of the lavishly decorated gloves worn by prelates may be seen in their monumental effigies.

Not only were gloves considered from the earliest ages as belonging to the pontifical habit, but they were also considered as an inseparable appanage of royalty, an ensign of imperial dignity, no more to be omitted at the coronation of a king than at the consecration of a bishop. Consequently they were invariably placed on the hands of monarchs when they were attired for the last time in their royal robes previous to their interment. In corroboration of this we have the testimony of illuminations in mediæval missals, as well as of the effigies placed upon their tombs, generally a faithful representation in such details of the body deposited in peace below. And when the tombs of royal personages have been opened (as was the case with the stone sarcophagus of Edward the First opened in 1774), even if the action of time has removed all trace of the material of the glove, probably something perishable such as linen, the circle of gold or jewels which ornamented the centre of the back of the hand, and was a mark of royal or high ecclesiastical rank, is found still lying there. Gloves such as those were often valuable enough to be left as legacies. Those worn by Richard, Bishop of London, who died in 1303, were valued at £5, no inconsiderable sum in that day, and ancient records often enumerate amongst regal and ecclesiastical treasures *chirothecæ cum perlis et gemmis in plata quadrata . . . cum tassellis argenteis et parvis lapidibus*, etc. Even gloves in ordinary wear soon came to be no longer made of homely materials, leather or buckskin, like those belonging to Henry the Sixth, of which an engraving is given in the "Antiquarian Repertory," and which cost four shillings the dozen pairs, but were extremely gorgeous, though inelegant in shape, being made of thin material, lined with velvet, the "tops" white silk or crimson satin, trimmed with gold or silver lace, with fringe or pendent spangles, with "taffata and reben," or decorated with elaborate embroidery in colored silks and gold thread. The needlework upon the cuffs of gloves—to judge by the specimens still preserved—was most beautiful both in design and execution.

For a long time, until the thirteenth or fourteenth century in fact, the use of

gloves seems to have been almost exclusively confined to men. Perhaps this was because they were either insignia of office, or were worn as a protection against weather, at work, and in warfare. The women of former days did not go abroad much, nor did they aspire to share in masculine employments and amusements. Even among ladies of rank the use of gloves did not become universal, it appears, until the era of Elizabeth, who encouraged everything which promoted the vanity of her sex. She was particularly fond of perfumed gloves, which had recently been introduced, those made in Spain being famous for the specially sweet and enduring character of the scent imparted to them by means of fragrant herbs and distilled oils. At any rate her wardrobe must have been as well stocked with gloves as with gowns, since wherever she went she had presented to her "a paire of swete gloves, cuffed with gold and silver," "a paire of perfumed gloves," and so on. The "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth" records as gifts:—

By the Lady Mary Grey ij peir of swete gloves with fower dozen buttons of golde, in every one a side perle.

By Lady Mary Sydney, one peir of perfumed gloves with xxiii small buttons of golde, in every one of them a small diamond, etc.

Shakespeare writes of "gloves as sweet as damask roses," and in "Much Ado about Nothing," Hero says to Beatrice:

These gloves the Count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Every one knows how vain Elizabeth was of her hands. Du Maurier says in his "*Mémoires*" how, "having been sent to her, at every audience he had with her Majesty, she pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times to display her hands, which indeed were very beautiful and very white." The fit of the glove seems then to have been considered of no importance; even when of fine workmanship they were of such liberal dimensions, and to modern ideas so unshapely, that they could only have disfigured the hand they covered. Probably the custom of measuring for gloves, the practice of Simon Glover,\* was not then in fashion, the beauty of the glove and the delicacy of the material employed being alone regarded. A very interesting relic of Mary Queen of Scots is preserved in the Saffron Walden Museum, viz., a splendid glove presented by her on the morning of her execution

\* Fair Maid of Perth.



to a gentleman of the Dayrell family, in whose possession it now remains. It is thus described:—

The glove is made of a light buff-colored leather, the elaborate embroidery on the gauntlet being worked with silver wire and silk of various colors. The roses are of pale and dark blue, and two shades of very pale crimson. The foliage represents trees, and is composed of two shades of æsthetic green. A bird in flight with a long tail figures conspicuously among the work. . . . That part of the glove which forms the gauntlet is lined with crimson satin, which is as fresh and bright as the day it was made, a narrow band being turned outwards as a binding to the gauntlet, on to which is sewn the gold fringe or lace, on the points of which are fastened groups of small pendent steel or silver spangles. The opening at the side of the gauntlet is connected by two broad bands of crimson silk, faded now almost to a pale pink, and each hand is decorated with pieces of tarnished silver lace on each side.

A somewhat different article of apparel this to the iron glove which left a mark on the wrist of the unhappy queen, when she was compelled by its cruel grasp to sign Rizzio's death-warrant.

Patronized so extensively by Elizabeth, gloves soon became common to all classes and conditions of men, and formed a considerable item in the household book of expenses. Old records still extant show entries such as these:—

Paied to Jacson the hardwareman, for a dousin and a halfe of Spanysshe gloves 7s. 6d.  
Six pair of plain gloves with coloured tops, vjs.

1520. Pd. for vj payer of gloves for my master . . .	ijs. viiij.
Itm. for a payer of hedgying gloves for ye carter . . .	iiij.
Itm. pd. for a payer of gloves bought at ye feyer (Ely) . . .	jd.

An amusing record in the Calendar of State Papers, 1580, shows that gloves were expected to correspond with the character of the wearer:—

Owen Lloyd to Wm. Pryse—Desires him to send 16 pair of Oxford gloves of the finest, of 5 or 6 groats a pair, of double Chevreil, 6 for women, 6 for men, and 4 for very ancient and grave men, spiritual.

In the end of the sixteenth century, "gloves knytte of sylke" are mentioned as an article of trade imported from Holland. The greatest refinement in the way of material seems to have been chicken-skin, which was thought to impart a peculiar delicacy to the hand, especially if worn by night. This effeminate practice

of sleeping in gloves was not confined to women, being introduced by Henry the Third of France, and followed by men as late as the reign of George the Third. Another and less innocent abuse of what was originally an useful article of dress is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, who tells us, as an instance of the extent to which the science of poisoning was carried on the Continent in the Middle Ages, that diabolical cunning invented gloves which could not be put on without inflicting a mortal disease on the wearer. It is, however, doubtful whether authentic proof can be found of any one being killed in this manner.

But enough has been said with respect to the history and material of gloves. We will now say a few words about the significance formerly attaching to them, and of which a few traces still linger, in some familiar form of speech, or popular proverb, some fast-disappearing formality, or the custom of taking off the gloves on certain occasions as a token of respect.

From time immemorial, throwing down the gauntlet has been a symbol of defiance, a challenge to battle both in real contests and in the mimic warfare of tournaments. Virgil, in the fifth book of the *Æneid*, as we have seen, represents Entellus as casting a gauntlet on the ground before entering the lists with Dares. In the Middle Ages, when the leaders of opposing armies challenged each other to single combat, a herald bearing a glove was sent with the message. Shakespeare makes Henry the Fifth, when he engages under an incognito in a wordy dispute with one of his soldiers on the eve of the battle of Agincourt, exchange gloves with him as a proof that if they both survive the battle, the quarrel shall be settled with blows. Amongst the Highlanders the custom of employing the glove as a sign of challenge given or vengeance to be taken, lingered long. "Did one of them break faith? The surest remedy was for the injured person to appear at the next meeting place, bearing a glove on the point of a lance, and proclaim the perfidy. The symbol roused so keen a sense of right, so fervently appealed to their rough justice, that the offender was often slain by his own clan to wipe out the disgrace brought upon them." To bite the glove was the sure prelude of a quarrel—

Stern Rutherford right little said,  
But bit his glove and shook his head,

writes Scott in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," adding in a note:—

It is yet remembered that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion with whom he had quarrelled, and learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting that though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721.

In contrast to the employment of gloves as tokens of hostility, we have now to consider some of the circumstances under which they figured as messengers of goodwill, as signs of protection or friendship.

In early times tenure of lands was granted and investiture conferred by the delivery of a glove. A register of the Parliament of Paris, dated 1294, says that "the Earl of Flanders, by the delivery of a glove into the hands of the King, gave him possession of the good town of Flanders." It is even supposed by some that this manner of confirming a contract dates as far back as the times of the judges of Israel, and that when Elimelech in transferring his land to Boaz takes off his *shoe*, the word ought to be translated *glove*.\* Be this as it may, the custom seems to have come originally from the East. In feudal times, the glove entered largely into transactions connected with the tenure and transfer of property, and gloves formed a part of the rent paid for land. The manor of Elston, in Nottinghamshire, was held by the annual payment of one pound of cummin seed, a steel needle, and two pairs of gloves, a rent which we imagine the landlord's greatest enemy would not object to pay. The king sent his glove when he relegated his authority to others, or gave his consent to the holding of a fair, or setting up a market. Until quite recently it was customary to display a large glove, brightly colored or gilded, at the entrance to the annual fair in some country towns. In "Timon of Athens" the senators ask a glove of Alcibiades before tendering their submission, and he gives it in pledge of his protection.

Thus the glove came to be at one time "a sign of irrefragable faith," as Jonathan Oldbuck terms it; in fact, it was not unfrequently sworn upon, as if it were a relic or some holy thing. Witness Slender's affirmation to Pistol's guilt, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor,"—

By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

\* See Ruth iv. 7, 8.

Biron, too, in "Love's Labor Lost," takes an oath on "this white glove."

When a gift of lands or other property was made to the Church, a glove was often placed upon the altar to make the promise binding; for instance, when the Earl of Shrewsbury vowed the construction of an abbey to St. Peter in 1083, in token of his intent, he placed his glove on the altar of the monastery there.\* Lovers exchanged gloves as a pledge of mutual fidelity, and gloves, or before these were worn by ladies, the sleeve which formed their substitute, often figure as the favors worn by knights upon their helmets in a tourney. The lily maid of Astolat brought Sir Lancelot

A scarlet sleeve broidered with great pearls

when he consented to wear her favor in the lists at Camelot.

One or more pairs of gloves used to be a recognized present from retainers and servants upon New Year's Day, for which they were liberally rewarded with money, as the records in old household books testify. They were also a medium of bribery, being presented to judges to obtain a favorable decision. Sir Thomas More is well known to have refused the lining—consisting of forty gold pieces—of a pair of gloves presented to him by a grateful suitor who had won her cause before him. All judges were not equally virtuous, otherwise the Portuguese proverb would have no force; *he does not wear gloves* being expressive of a man's perfect integrity.

The fashion of making presents of gloves was for a long time universal on all occasions and in all relations of life, by private individuals and public bodies, the value of the gloves having a wide range, and being proportioned to the rank of the recipient. In this the universities stand out as pre-eminent. Any notable personage or royal visitor was welcomed with a present of "some verie rich and gorgeous gloves." Sometimes the chancellor and the heads of houses, hearing that persons of consequence were in the neighborhood, would go out to meet them in order to offer this gift. Professor Thorold Rogers has met with many instances among the muniments of colleges in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries of gifts of costly gloves, presumably not seldom lined after the manner objected to by Sir Thomas More. This practice of presenting gloves to distinguished visitors

\* Dugdale, Monasticon.

by the universities or colleges is said to have been intended to indicate that they considered their guests worthy to remain with covered hands, even in the presence of the highest collegiate dignitaries, although the etiquette of that period required "one who would be courteous" to "do off his hood, his gloves also," in the presence of a superior or on entering a house.

Any of our readers who may wish to know more about the trade in gloves and their manufacture from the earliest times up to the present day, in our own country and in other lands, will find ample information on this subject, as well as many interesting details as to their use in by-gone days, in Mr. Beck's little book. It is on our own authority that we add one more fact, viz., that French tradition asserts St. Anne to have been a knitter of gloves; she is therefore the chosen patroness of gloves in that country, and her day is, or rather was, kept with special solemnity by all engaged in that craft. The gloves of Perth had St. Bartholomew for their patron; the reason of this is apparent when we remember that the skinners were associated with the gloves in that great Scotch corporation.

ELLIS SCHREIBER.

From The Times.

#### THE SOLAR CORONA.

THE new pathway of astronomical research opened up by Kirchhoff twenty-five years ago, by means of the spectroscope, pointing as it did to a sure and certain method of acquainting ourselves intimately and definitely with the nature and constitution of bodies which lay far beyond the confines of our planet, raised the study of our sun, the nearest star to us, to the dignity of a special branch of scientific research. Many solar phenomena, the explanation of which had hitherto been little more than within the ken of vague conjecture, were before long satisfactorily cleared up, and others of a still more intricate nature gave promise of yielding in time to a more searching inquiry. Among the latter may be mentioned one that, up to the present time, has remained an enigma, but which, so recent researches seem to indicate, cannot remain much longer unsolved — the nature of the solar corona.

The main difficulty in the way of the solution of this problem lay in the fact that

the corona is only visible during total eclipses of the sun, and not only do these occur at comparatively infrequent intervals, but their duration is very brief and they are only visible over a limited portion of the earth's surface. Six or seven minutes is an exceptionally long time for totality to last, and even to avail themselves of a much shorter time astronomers are often called upon to visit parts of the world quite out of the highways of commerce. Hence it is that places previously almost unheard of find themselves suddenly blazing forth into fame and notoriety, and are subsequently given a place in history solely from the fact that on such and such a day instruments were there erected and pointed at a brief but glorious celestial spectacle.

In observations of such phenomena, the first half of the present century saw but little advance beyond what had probably been noted ages before methodical scientific inquiry turned its attention to the subject. For some little distance round the dark shadow of the moon a brilliant halo or crown was seen, of a silvery whiteness, with rays or streamers extending from it at irregular intervals; yet closer to the dark shadow were seen, on some occasions, brilliant red projections of light, but very small indeed in extent compared with the white halo. These last, the red prominences, yielded up their secret sixteen years ago, when the ingenuity of Messrs. Janssen and Lockyer demonstrated how they might be examined by means of the spectroscope without the aid of an eclipse at all.

The silvery halo or corona has proved a far more intricate puzzle. Sketches were made of it from time to time, but beyond establishing the fact that it varied from eclipse to eclipse, these sketches elicited nothing. Nay, so late as 1878, when a chain of observers stretching across a considerable portion of the American continent came to compare results, it was found that their sketches at most only half agreed even when they were taken in the same locality. True, they indicated the most remarkable features of the corona, yet they rendered plainly evident what had long been suspected, that the eye was not sufficiently trustworthy to note, nor the hand, therefore, to record, the appearance of so fleeting a phenomenon, and all sketches of the corona during earlier eclipses can only be regarded as vague and unsatisfactory records. Previous to the American eclipse, however, astronomy had found an invaluable ally in photog-

raphy. By means of this ally one very important fact had been established in 1871 in the work of Messrs. Henessy, Waterhouse, and Davies, that at two places, very far apart, the features of the corona appeared identical. This at once excluded local and terrestrial conditions or causes.

As to the nature of the light of the corona, two instruments have been consulted, the polariscope and the spectroscope. The first showed that part of the light of the corona is due to reflected light. The spectroscope has had a more difficult task to accomplish. This instrument could only examine effectively a small portion of the corona light, just so much as would pass through a fine slit. When the prisms spread this fine beam of light out into a band, its effect upon the retina was very feeble and the eye could grasp only the most marked features. The spectrum appeared mainly continuous. Here and there a few of the strongest of the dark solar lines were seen by some observers, reinforcing the work of the polariscope in showing that the corona derives part of its light from the main body of the sun. In addition, certain bright lines have been seen; one notable line in the green portion of the spectrum has been observed during most eclipses extending for some distance from the sun's limb. The exact position of this line in the spectrum was determined, and the same line can be seen as a dark line in the ordinary solar spectrum, but what substance it is due to has yet to be discovered, and remains an important problem for the chemist to determine in the laboratory.

The light from the corona, after passing through the spectroscope, being too feeble to permit an observer to examine it very minutely during the short space at his disposal, it became necessary to see whether the photographic method might be applied. An attempt was made to do so in 1875 during the Siam eclipse, but accidents on the road having delayed the scientific party, the preparations were not perfect when the eventful moment arrived. Nothing further could be done till 1882, but by that time considerable improvements had been effected in the methods. Photography, commercial and scientific, had undergone a complete revolution. The old wet collodion process, which had for so long a period held sway, was superseded, and the gelatine dry plate method, which had gained for itself the popular but unsatisfactory title of "the instantaneous process" had taken its place. The

power of the astronomical photographer had been multiplied twenty to forty fold, and as all concerned had anticipated, one difficulty attending the spectroscopic examination of the coronal light disappeared. The accumulated effect of the light during an exposure of sixty-five seconds produced a result which could be critically examined at leisure, and it was found that in addition to a faint indication of reflected solar light the corona emitted a definite light of its own; a number of bright lines which could be identified with those given out by known substances were seen, and it could no longer be doubted that a large extent of the corona was due to matter connected more or less intimately with the sun. A further photograph of the coronal spectrum was taken by Messrs. Lawrence and Woods on Caroline Island last year, but the full report of this expedition has not yet been published. From what has already appeared we need only state that the bright lines were not so marked as in the photograph taken during the preceding eclipse, a noteworthy fact when considered in relation to the feeble activity of the sun at that time.

One of the most remarkable features of the photograph of the coronal spectrum was the intensity of the light in blue rays, and this led Dr. Huggins in England to try whether the corona could not be photographed without the aid of an eclipse at all. If this blue light could be isolated by using some colored medium that would cut off the other rays, might not the light of the corona be found to sufficiently exceed in intensity the glare of the light diffused by the atmosphere, as to be capable of impressing itself on a sensitive surface? Before this could be attempted, however, there was a physical difficulty to be overcome. The intensity of the solar light is so great that before the corona could be impressed, light scattered by that part of the film on which the sun's image fell would have reached the back of the plate and have been reflected back to the sensitive film, obscuring the effect of the coronal light or, worse still, producing a result somewhat resembling it. This was got over in a way familiar to photographers by placing a thick layer of asphaltum in optical contact with the back of the plate; by this means all "halation," as it is termed, was effectually stopped. It was afterwards suggested that the sun's image should be blocked out by means of a blackened disc; the chief drawback to this, though, as will be seen in the sequel, one that can readily be avoided, is the

danger of introducing diffraction. For the absorptive medium, Dr. Huggins tried blue glass and also a solution of permanganate of potash, and, after some time, succeeded in getting what competent judges regarded as the corona.

But there are several objections to the use of an absorptive medium, the most serious one being the difficulty of determining how much of the result might be due to the various reflecting surfaces introduced. Considering, moreover, that photographic films are themselves so selective, being very much more sensitive to blue rays than to any other part of the spectrum, it was not thought impossible that the blue glass or the permanganate of potash might be dispensed with, and the question arose whether by suitable manipulation in the development of the image, the corona might not be brought up to a greater extent than the light of the sky which tended to overpower it. Photography has achieved the reputation of having a strict regard to truth, and in a sense this reputation has been well earned; nevertheless, it is a fact that has been well known ever since photography took a hold upon the public, that no small amount of its success has been due to the power which photographers possess of subduing or heightening contrasts of light and shade at will, simply by properly regulating the exposure and altering the proportions of the chemicals used in rendering visible the invisible alteration which light has made. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that such a method of working should have been successfully applied to the photographing of the corona, provided that the atmosphere was clear enough to permit the corona to outshine the atmospheric glare or light of the sky to a sufficient extent to enable the heightening of contrast to be effective. And in this proviso lay the chief difficulty, such occasions being comparatively rare in England, only a few days in the year being available for the purpose. In 1883, when Dr. Huggins hoped to be able to compare results taken by his method with what the eclipse observers might bring home from the mid-Pacific, he could only get a photograph a month previous to the day of the eclipse, and another photograph a month after that event. When comparisons were made, the results were enough, however, to demonstrate that steps should be taken to see whether the process was really workable in a suitable locality, and, if so, what might be learnt from an extended series of observations.

The diminution of atmospheric glare being the principal consideration, Switzerland offered itself as the most suitable place, being within easy distance, and offering a clear atmosphere with facilities for reaching a great height with less inconvenience than is to be met with elsewhere. Accordingly, during the season now about to close, visitors to the Riffelberg have been astonished to see on a little elevation at the back of the hotel, at a height of eighty-five hundred feet, a green tent about twelve or thirteen feet long and nearly as high, formed of waterproof canvas stretched over a strong framework attached to the solid rock by iron pegs. On fine days they have noticed that the upper two-thirds of the southern side of this tent has been completely drawn up, allowing a long and somewhat cumbrous-looking instrument to be pointed to the sun and to follow it in its course across the heavens. That it could not be an ordinary telescope every one could see, and it required a glance at the formidable array of bottles and the small cardboard chamber at one side to tell the visitor that the object sought after was connected with solar photography. This is the temporary observatory for the corona erected at the expense of the Royal Society and in charge of Mr. C. Ray Woods, a member of the last two eclipse expeditions.

For work of this character the present year has been rather an unfortunate one. The reader will remember that in August last year a tremendous eruption took place in the Sunda Straits, and was followed by singular meteorological phenomena; at sunrise and at sunset in all parts of the habitable globe, afterglows of singular beauty were observed. When the sun was a little below the horizon the sky appeared to be of a bright red hue, and by force of contrast, light clouds, the moon, and even the very lamps in the street appeared tinged with green. It was put forth, though somewhat diffidently at first, that these afterglows were due to the volcanic eruption; that particles of finely divided matter were hurled up into the higher regions of the atmosphere, were wafted over the earth, and remaining suspended in the higher regions where clouds could not speedily attract them and rain wash them down, gave rise to the gorgeous display of color that was remarked in places as far apart from themselves and the centre of disturbance as England and Honolulu. Evidence accumulated in support of this theory, and



unless some better explanation can be advanced acceptance of it can hardly be avoided. From the fact that these sunrises and sunsets lasted for such a length of time, and have extended into the present year, but with diminished glory, it was conjectured that the particles which gave rise to them would probably take years to settle. Not only have these red glows been met with in Switzerland this summer, but another phenomenon has forced itself upon the attention of tourists. On all clear days a peculiar red ring has been observed extending round the sun at a distance of about twenty degrees. Outside this ring the sky has appeared blue, and between the ring and the sun nearly white. The higher the elevation the more marked has this ring appeared, but at any given place it has been most noticeable when the sun has been below the horizon. This peculiar haze has rendered coronaphotography more difficult than was anticipated, but even taking this light-scattering medium into account, a Swiss sky at a high altitude is far superior to the clearest atmosphere we get at home. It may be said that in the same ratio that the Swiss air has been clearer than the English atmosphere that Dr. Huggins had to overcome, so are the photographs obtained in Switzerland during the last six or eight weeks superior to the few that had been obtained in England.

The interposition of a circular disc between the sun's image and the photographic plate has been tried with success, and, by using a disc a little larger than the sun's image, all danger of diffraction or light turning the corner is done away with, and though the results are necessarily far inferior to the photographs obtained during eclipses when the disc, if it may be called such, is the dark body of the moon, they possess this advantage — they constitute to all intents and purposes a continuous record for a brief period. What these photographs may yield on a critical examination remains to be seen. One step has certainly been gained. Dr. Huggins's method appears capable of giving under suitable conditions a daily record of the form at least of the corona, and after a little more experience in the work further improvements may bring about something more.

Whether an extended series of photographs of the solar corona will lead to a complete explanation of its nature is doubtful. A further discovery may yet have to be made — viz., how to examine the spectrum of the corona without an

eclipse. Did the corona spectrum consist of merely a few bright lines, as is the case with the red prominences, the question would have been settled long ago. It is of a far more complicated nature, however, and no solution of the matter appears imminent. It is more than probable that could observations be made at heights where life could with difficulty be sustained, there would be still enough atmospheric glare to prevent the coronal spectrum being seen. On the whole, the best and most useful supplement to a daily series of coronal photographs is likely to be a series of photographs of the spectrum of different parts of the corona taken during some future eclipse of the sun.

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From The Spectator.

#### HIBERNICISMS.

As a preface to my collection, I cannot do better than record a saying which came from the lips of a peasant, and yet conveys in brief compass a most graphic description of many Irishmen of all classes. "I like action," remarked this candid Celt, "but I hate work." This is a home truth of the widest application to the Irish character. Amongst special Celtic characteristics, which it is my aim to illustrate, I would give a prominent place to the power of apology. "It was not the dhrop I had taken," said a Kerry peasant charged with being drunk and disorderly, "but I had a shmoke out of a neighbor's pipe, and that leaned upon me."

Again, although undoubtedly impaired of late years, there is still a good deal of homely courtesy to be met with amongst the peasantry in their dealings with the gentry, or "the quality," as they phrase it. Their desire not to shock the ears of their betters is evinced by the constant use of the expression "saving your presence." A lady friend, seeing a fisherman seized by a violent fit of coughing, said to him, "If you'll come up to the house, Patsy, I'll give you something that'll do your cough good." "'Tis not a cough that I have, ma'am," replied Patsy; "saving your presence, 'tis a fly that has gone wesht in my stomach." This last expression needs elucidation. The Kerry-man has practically only two points to his compass, wesht and esht, and for once that you hear the latter, you will hear the former twenty times. In fact, it is used in the widest sense. "Push wesht," means

simply "move on a bit;" and the latitude with which this word is used may best be illustrated by a further anecdote. This same lady, when stopping with her husband at a fishing inn in South Kerry, was sorely tried by the dirtiness of a small *protégé* of hers. At last, in response to her repeated requests, he went so far as to wash his face. "But why didn't you wash your neck, Johnny?" "Och, ma'am, 'tis too far wesht entirely."

Another marked characteristic of the Celt is his fatalism. This resignation has its ludicrous as well as its tragic side. As with the lower middle classes of the north of England, a death in the family is a sort of excitement, and is often unhappily made the excuse for a great deal of feasting and drinking. Fortunately, the Irishman has not the same facilities which his English brethren possess for spending large sums on all the hideous pageantry of an elaborate funeral. Still, the event in a poor Irish household is an important one, and the following story would seem to show that an unexpected recovery is regarded as an unfair proceeding on the part of a moribund person. A doctor visiting the house of a poor family, found them all gathered round the bed of a sick man, sprinkling it at times with holy water, and saying at intervals, "Depart, Christian soul." On inquiry, he ascertained that this process had been going on for a great many hours, during which no nourishment had been administered, for as they said, "Why should we interfere wid a dyin' man?" My readers will be prepared to hear that the exercise of a very little skill sufficed to restore the patient to complete health. Paddy is very superstitious and very devout. But just as in Roman Catholic countries on the Continent, this devoutness carries with it a familiarity in speaking of things divine that is occasionally grotesque and suggestive of irreverence. The following conversation between two tenant farmers, one of whom had been worsted in a suit with his landlord, was overheard outside the courthouse in Kenmare. "Won't ye appale?" said the one. "No," replied the unsuccessful litigant, "I'll lave him to God Almighty, and he'll surely play the devil with him." Though not always conveying an edifying impression as to the honesty of the Irish peasant, the proceedings in court at Petty Sessions are often exceedingly diverting. So, too, the transactions of the land commission in Kerry have been enlivened by sundry humorous episodes. The tenant of a swampy hold

ing,—a man who had that fondness for big words so frequently observable in the Irish peasant,—delivered himself in the course of his evidence of the following remarks: "I have ryalized [realized] seven childhren, and if I were to ryalize seven more, I wouldn't wish one of them to imbibe an acre of land." And later on, reverting to the same metaphor, he observed, "'Tis bad weather for one that is immersed in land."

This brings me back again to the "bull," of which I have one or two fresh specimens. I mentioned in my former letter our old doctor, who possessed a facility in uttering them that was positively papal. His remarks, though paradoxical in form, were often not without an admixture of truth; but when he said, "The day is far spent, bedad, and the night aiqually so," he gave vent to an utterance of Delphic ambiguity. The writer's sister, some years ago, after leaving the ticket-office in an Irish station, went back in the belief that the clerk had given her too much change. But on counting it over, he exclaimed, "No, but it's I who's given you too little. And there's the reward for your honesty, for ye get sixpence for yourself." The following malaprop, the production of an Irish lady, is perhaps worth chronicling. Speaking to a friend, she declared that she would sooner be tied by the neck to a milestone than marry a Frenchman.

With regard to the long words which the Irish peasant is so fond of, it must be borne in mind that in outlying districts many of the "mountaing" men, as they are called, still speak English as a foreign language, and carry away from their early schooling a good many bookish words which they reserve for their conversation with the "quality." A ragged native once offered to carry "my thrumperies," *i.e.*, traps; and another, an assiduous fisherman, has spoken of having "perused the stream for several hours." On this point it seems that the Highlanders resemble the Irish. Only the other day when I was staying at a shooting-box in Ross-shire, my host related to me how his gillie had diverted him by replying to his remark that the wind was very good for driving the deer, "Yes, its jeest classical."

Much that is picturesque and quaint in the speech of the Irish peasant is due to his surroundings and the conditions of his life. Inasmuch as seaweed is largely used in agriculture, one can realize the feelings which prompted a countrywoman

— called in at an emergency to do housemaid's work, and seeing some *alga* employed as an ornament—to exclaim, "Glory be to God, to think that I should live to see the manure in the drawing-room." So, when in reply to the question of a friend of mine whether he had seen any rabbits, a native answered, "Yes, your honor, whole funerals of them," he only employed the word representing the greatest combination of length and numbers with which his experience had rendered him acquainted.

From the style of their speech, one would naturally infer what is the fact, that when they get the chance the peasantry of Ireland read, and read widely. Unfortunately, the supply at their command, both in quantity and quality, is entirely unworthy of the appetite they display. Nevertheless, I am inclined to believe that although they may have drawn their knowledge from untrustworthy sources, the Irish peasantry know more of their past history than the average Irish gentry. The state of literary destitution in the society of an Irish provincial town is really lamentable. And yet there is a counterbalancing advantage in the freshness, brightness, and humor, so often to be met with in the conversation of Irishmen and Irishwomen of all ages who have never muddled their heads with culture or suffered from over-pressure. There are several such men within my own acquaintance, who, whether as original humorists or as retailers of anecdote, have for all their lives been supplying food for honest laughter, — a by no means common commodity nowadays, — and yet because they are lazy themselves, or have no Boswells about them, all this wealth of fun will be lost to the world.

In conclusion, let me say to those of your readers who have followed me thus far, that the best literary reconstruction of the humor of Irish peasant speech is to be found in the inimitable Irish stories of the late Joseph Sheridan Lefanu; as the best sketches of the Irish character, in its latest phase, are to be met with in the pages of Terence McGrath's "Pictures."

M.

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From The Saturday Review.  
GERMAN TRAMPS.

OF late years the number of German tramps has been steadily increasing until it has reached a figure which is incon-

veniently high, if not alarming. In some districts from ten to fifteen of these wanderers will daily implore alms at a wayside cottage or in a lonely village, while the men are busy in the fields, and as their wives and daughters, partly from good nature and partly from fear, hardly like to refuse a crust, no inconsiderable tax is levied on the honest and the industrious. It is only those parts of the country which offer unusual attractions to the vagabond which are subjected to such a visitation as this; but no place is entirely free from annoyance. According to one estimate, the number of tramps in Germany last year amounted to two hundred thousand, and the expense they caused the community to seventy-two million marks, or about £3,600,000; and though, from the difficulty of obtaining accurate information, it is impossible to rely on such a calculation, most of those who have made the matter a subject of study seem to think it fairly correct. It would be a great mistake to look upon all these wayfarers as idle or improvident. Many of them are honestly in search of employment in their various professions; indeed almost all seem to have begun their wanderings with the best intentions; but by degrees they are apt to lose their taste for regular work and a settled life, and so a large and growing class has been formed which is contented to live upon alms, which bears the hunger of to-day in the hope of the orgies of to-morrow, and so wanders from place to place, not to seek, but to avoid work. As this state of things is comparatively new to the country, it is not strange that it should have excited attention, and that great efforts should be made both by the authorities and by private charity to meet the evil. It is from the writings of those who are actively engaged in this good work, especially from a little pamphlet by Herr von Bodelschwingh, a clergyman whose self-devoted efforts have been rewarded by considerable success at Wilhelmsdorf, that we take most of the following particulars with respect to the life of the contemporary German tramp. He can boast of a descent which is both ancient and respectable. From time immemorial the *Wanderjahre* have been recognized as a distinct period in the life of the German handicraftsman, and almost as a necessary part of his education. As soon as his apprenticeship was over, it used to be considered a matter of course that he should shoulder his knapsack and go out into the world to seek employment, if not a fortune. Unless he had very

pressing reasons for doing so, the youth who stayed at home was considered a milksop, unworthy of the freedom that was now his by right. With a few thalers in his pocket, and all his other possessions upon his shoulders, the young tailor, smith, or watchmaker, started on his travels. While his money lasted, he led a pleasant and careless life in the open air, and the little inns frequented by persons of his class. When it reached a low ebb, he sought for work in some neighboring town. How long he remained in his new position depended upon circumstances. In summer it was seldom longer than enabled him to earn money enough to resume his vagrant life. When autumn came, he grew critical as to the character of the masters, and made full inquiry of his companions as to the mistress's liberality with respect to diet, before he applied for work; for it would have been unpleasant to have to turn out again in the ice and snow. Two or three years would be passed in this way, and then the wanderer would fall in love, and either return home or settle down in the place in which he happened to be. This harmless body of wandering craftsmen seems to have formed the centre round which the great army of tramps that now afflicts Germany has formed. Even in the old days there were, of course, black sheep among the *Handwerksburschen*; but the authorities soon discovered these, and kept their eyes upon them. If a man was evidently living upon alms instead of seeking employment, he soon found that the good-natured indulgence with which he was accustomed to be treated had come to an end. An elderly wanderer was always regarded with suspicion if he made any claim on public charity, for it was generally thought that, though circumstances might compel him to change his place of residence, he ought to have saved enough to be able to do so at his own expense; and without straining their powers the police were able to make the most indolent feel that honest work was less disagreeable than a constant series of indignities and vexations. We have already said that almost all of them set out with the best intentions. Work was all they asked or hoped for. But their short period of prosperity had rendered them improvident. They had been earning four or five times as much as they had ever done before, and as they believed that the age of gold would last at least as long as the unity of the Empire, they had spent what they earned. The

meat, beer, and spirits which had been the occasional luxuries of their youth were now regarded as daily necessities, and so the small sums they had saved from the wreck were soon spent. In the mean time, the relaxation of the police regulations had enabled men of the most disreputable character to establish inns which were supported chiefly by vagabonds and beggars, and these the workmen were soon obliged to frequent. However small their store, they were sure of a hearty welcome, and were freely supplied with food and spirits, for which afterwards their tools, their clothes, and even their papers, were held as a pledge. Indeed, the host regarded the latter as a valuable piece of property, as he could sell or hire them out to confirmed vagabonds, who were thus enabled to impose on the more discreet of the charitable. When he had his guest entirely in his power, he introduced him to a friend, who instructed him in the whole art of professional begging. This, according to Herr Von Bodelschwingh, is usually the first stage in the German tramp's progress; and he adds that these vagabond inns are usually provided with a complete list of the houses at which alms may be expected, and of the good-natured, but unscrupulous, cooks who give food to beggars without the knowledge of their employers. This, we believe, is also the case in many English lodging-houses; indeed, there is a sameness about the life of the criminal and semi-criminal classes in all countries which makes it, on the whole, an uninteresting subject. The sudden growth of vagrancy in Germany rendered it worth while to dwell upon some of the causes of a phenomenon which is exciting considerable alarm. There can be little doubt that the occasional begging of the *Handwerksburschen* has rendered the transition to vagabondage pure and simple easier than it would otherwise have been to many workmen, and we fear that the *Wanderjahre* which have played so large a part in the popular life, fiction, and poetry of Germany are now doomed. It was one of those institutions which could only exist under conditions which modern ideas rather than modern circumstances have rendered impossible. Whether the comparative freedom from the rule of the police, which every German subject now enjoys, affords the young handicraftsman an adequate compensation for the loss of his few years of youthful travel is another question, and one to which we shall attempt no reply.

From The Spectator.

## LANGDALE LINEN.

AMID the smoke and stir of this feverishly active century, it is a refreshment to hear of a quiet but earnest attempt to revive a long-disused and very peaceful industry. Time was when spinning played such an important part in a woman's existence that, as Grimm observes, it came to be regarded as her sole occupation, — nay more, as her very life and being. Our own legal code appears to have taken precisely the same view, for the only portion of the female sex which up to the last year or two seemed to have any claim to be recognized by it at all, was recognized by the appellation "spinster." And yet for the last sixty or seventy years all spinning-wheels have been silent. I well remember a lumber-room in my grandfather's house, into which, when a child, I used to peep and see more than a dozen old ones; some were prettily inlaid with mother-of-pearl, but all of them were overlaid with other wheels made by spiders, and thickly covered with layers of white dust. My poor grandmother used to look very sad when I asked about these spinning-wheels; they were hers, and her mother's, and her grandmother's, and no doubt she sometimes fancied she heard the whirr which feet that trod the earth no longer had once set in motion. She herself had, as she averred with gentle triumph, "spun a rare good thread in her day;" but when I asked her why she did not go on spinning good thread, her answer was, "No one spins now," and if I pushed my inquiries further, I was told it was easy enough to spin, but that there was no way of getting the thread you made used, for there were no hand-looms now. That, no doubt, summed up the whole difficulty.

Every little group of villages once had its weaver, to whom the good housewife could take the fruit of her own industry, or the thread she had charitably bought of her poor but industrious neighbors. By his help she could either have this converted into good sheets, or perhaps satisfy some dimly perceived longing for art pleasure by choosing a lovely design of flowers and foliage, or strange, outlandish birds for a best table-cloth. Much earnest thought was given in those days to patterns for table-linen, and one of the truest touches in George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss" is the contempt which the sister who "held with a sprig" felt for the sister who had always "held with a spot." A spot was utterly commonplace, and to

be satisfied with a spot when she might have had — what I have seen on a table-cloth — the whole history of Jonah, the exact portrait of the whale which swallowed him, the façade of a gorgeous palace in Nineveh, together with her own initials in the corner, betrayed a groveling mind. In the days of homespun linen every woman made it a matter of pride and conscience to leave behind her in the family chests and presses at least as much as she found when she "came," — *i.e.*, married into the family. Another matter of innocent pride was to send away each daughter who married with a "handsome plenishing of linen;" and this was done, even if the mother of the family had, like Solomon's virtuous woman, to rise up in the night to spin. Such pleasures and prides have long been things of the past. I have heard an old lady say, almost with tears, "All pleasure in having beautiful linen is gone! We used to hand down what we spun ourselves from mother to daughter, but what you buy now drops into holes in a year or two."

About twelve months ago Mr. Albert Fleming, a devout disciple of Mr. Ruskin's and a companion of the Guild of St. George, while pondering how to find some way of helping certain poor women living on the fell-sides above Elterwater and its neighborhood, had the happy thought that it might be a good thing to try to revive what Wordsworth calls "the venerable art torn from the poor." The women Mr. Fleming wished to help were too old to go out to clean, and too blind to sew. Spinning is a work which can be carried on at home. It can, as needlewomen say, "be taken up and put down," — that is, it can be done during odd moments of leisure. What is more, it does not require much eyesight. The difficulty was to find a spinning-wheel, for all those once in use in this valley had, as the local expression goes, long since been "broken down." A wheel was, however, found in that storehouse of ancient things, the Isle of Man; and then an old woman of eighty-four was found whose fingers had not forgotten their cunning. She taught Mr. Fleming, and gradually a few infirm old wheels were got together from various parts of the country, and from these he pieced together a model from which a clever local carpenter made fifteen new ones. Mr. Fleming's next step was to take a cottage, which he dedicated to St. Martin, whose typical act was clothing the poor. Here, with the help of a clever and kind lady friend, classes were held, and here



Mr. Fleming himself taught many of the women; and as soon as one of these was able to spin a good thread, he lent her a wheel and gave her some flax, together with an assurance that he would buy it back when spun, at the rate of 2s. a pound. Under favorable circumstances, and without neglecting home duties, women can easily earn 5s. or 6s. a week; but as they daily become more fond of the work and more expert, they will probably earn more. The finding wheels was by no means the greatest difficulty Mr. Fleming had to encounter; the next thing was to find a loom. At length, however, one that was very old was disinterred from a cellar in Kendal, where it had been hidden away for years. It was in no less than twenty pieces, and no one had the least idea how to set it up. Art came to the rescue. A photograph was procured of Giotto's "Weaving," from the Campanile at Florence, and that proved of the greatest service, for the old loom from Kendal was practically the same as that which Giotto has left to us. A weaver was found, too; and now the work of teaching, giving out flax and weaving, all goes on under the roof of the pretty little cottage dedicated to the soldier-saint, and the webs which gradually grow into being are bleached within a stone's throw of the house in the simple, old Homeric fashion — no chemicals are used, all is effected by the honest and kindly agency of nature. The result of this single-hearted effort on the part of Mr. Fleming is that twenty spinning-

wheels are now busily at work in the Dales, — or, in other words, that twenty women who could not otherwise have earned a penny are now feeling honest pride in helping to provide for their families. Their cottages, too, are much brighter than they used to be, for it is part of a woman's religion to put everything in order before sitting down to work. The Langdale loom produces a strong and thoroughly honest sheeting that can be trusted to outwear many a machine-made rival. It is forty inches wide, and sells readily at 4s. a yard. Some specimens were recently presented to Mr. Ruskin. They were of a finer quality, and had been expressly woven for him. In the corner was embroidered, in soft silks, the lovely cluster of roses from the garment of spring in Botticelli's famous picture of Venus. This cluster stands on the title-page of "Fors Clavigera," on the fly-leaf of all Mr. Ruskin's books, and has come to be regarded as the badge of St. George's Guild. Besides linen sheeting of various degrees of fineness, the workers in St. Martin's Home produce an unbleached linen so good in tone and texture, that when known it is certain to be in great demand for crewel-work and other kinds of embroidery. It is impossible not to feel a hearty interest in Mr. Fleming's undertaking. To clothe the naked and feed the hungry is an excellent work, but it is more excellent still to put them in the way of earning their food and clothing for themselves.

M. H.

EXTRACTS OF TEA AND COFFEE AS SUBSTITUTES FOR COCA AND GUARANA. — Dr. Squibb, in the *Ephemeris*, quoted by the *Detroit Lancet*, gives in detail the reasons why he has sought to bring to the notice of the profession the extracts of tea and coffee as substitutes for the extracts of coca and guarana. Briefly, he found by observation and experiment, that there was but little of good coca and guarana to be found in the market. The price asked for the poor article was very large. As a result, the profession has been asking the people to buy poor inefficient drugs at a high price. The results have been very unsatisfactory, both to scientific physicians and to patients. To obtain a real substitute for these drugs, Dr. Squibb has taken the trouble to make careful physiological tests. All of these drugs contain caffeine, or an alkaloid having an analogous action. Apparently most of their virtues depend upon this alkaloid. Hence he took as a standard a dose of caffeine which

would always, under definite conditions, produce a given effect. Then he took such doses of each drug as were needed to produce the same effect as the standard doses of caffeine. In this manner, he has ascertained that three grains of caffeine are equivalent to one hundred and eighty grains of coca, to seventy grains of tea, to sixty grains of guarana, to one hundred and fifty grains of coffee. The details given as to the process by which the extracts of tea and coffee are made is such as to gain the confidence of all who investigate it. The differences between the effects of caffeine and the extracts of green coffee, tea, coca, or guarana, are difficult to describe. In general terms, it may be said that each of these is caffeine and something more. The effect seemed broader, more comprehensive, more agreeable, and giving a better sense of rest and well-being. We shall await with interest the result of a wider clinical experience in the use of these agents. British Medical Journal.